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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH, HEROINE OF THE NEW DRURY LANE DRAMA,
"HEARTS ARE TRUMPS."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

Of the Generals who are going out to the Cape and those out there, most of them have had plenty of experience of veldt-fighting, and are as adept at mounted-infantry work as any Boer field-cornet. The chief of the Army Corps, if an Army Corps goes, Sir Redvers Buller, stamped his fame as a leader of mounted men by the way in which, against almost impossible odds, he wrenched his Irregulars out of the closed jaws of a Zulu impi at Hlobane. On the day of the great mounted reconnaissance over the Ulundi plain, to find the position of the Zulu Army—the day on which Lord “Bill” Beresford won his V.C.—the dash and pace of the cloud of mounted men commanded by Sir Redvers was such that, when the Zulus did rise up out of the grass and fire their rifles, they were so flustered that they mostly aimed at the clouds.

General Sir Frederick Carrington also is a born leader of mounted infantry. In the days when in South Africa he raised corps after corps of Carrington's Horse, he had one characteristic which specially won him favour with the rough diamonds who enlisted as Irregulars. Sir Frederick had the reputation of being a remarkably good man with his fists—a reputation he never was called on to justify—and his “Bashi-Bazouks,” as they chaffingly were called, felt a certain satisfaction in being commanded by a man whom they believed could “knock out” any man in Africa who tried to stand up to him. Sir Frederick—he was only a Lieutenant, by the way, in those days—trusted for weapons to two very long-muzzled American revolvers, and always galloped at the thickest bunch of natives he could see. It was pretty at Quintana, in the old Colony War, to see him, enjoying it supremely, charging a hundred yards clear ahead of his men, who vainly tried to lessen the distance.

Lord Methuen is another leader of mounted rifles, as he proved when he controlled his very gallant but rather unruly corps of gentlemen in the Basuto War. General Hallam Parr is an officer who has devoted his career as a soldier to mounted-infantry work, and has experience both in North and South Africa. “Bwab,” as Colonel Brabazon is universally nicknamed, is a model leader of light cavalry. General Symmons, the present commander of the forces in Natal, is a splendid horseman, and organised the mounted infantry which hunted down the dacoit Bohs in Burmah; and both General Hart and General Forestier-Walker are old Cape campaigners. If war has to come, our soldiers will be under men who know every move in the game.

The Prince of Wales had only two evenings to spend in town, journeying from Germany to Yorkshire, and it is a proof, if one were wanted, of his keenness as a playgoer that he spent them both at the theatre. The two theatres selected by his Royal Highness for his two evenings' amusement show also that he never omits a proof of thoughtfulness towards anyone who has been a member of the circle of Society that has Marlborough House as its centre. The leading actresses at the Haymarket and the Comedy at the present time, Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Brown-Potter, were both “professional beauties” before they relinquished the whirl of Society for the triumphs of the stage.

The talk this week in the Clubs has been (the Dreyfus Case being put out of court) mostly of Boers and bulls—Transvaal Boers and Andalusian bulls. In the days when “Somtseu,” as the Zulus called Sir Theophilus Shepstone, ruled the Transvaal in the Queen's name and the Union Jack flew over Government House at Pretoria, I was in the country, and knew most of the older Boers—the men of the type of Joubert, who is a good fellow, though he is unfriendly to us, and of Piet Uys, who died so gallantly on our side in the Zulu War; and I liked and respected the old men just as much as I disliked the young generation—the sulky, boastful fellows who are pushing their country into war with us.

I used to shoot at bottles against them in the townships, in sweepstakes, for tots of “square-face,” and I hunted buck with them on the high-veldt. They helped me to teach my pony to stand when the reins were thrown over his head, which, after all, is not more wonderful than the way a butcher-boy anchors his pony-and-cart in a London street, and I learnt many wrinkles in game-shooting from them. As judges of distance, they were far better than any Englishman I have known, and they shot marvellously quickly.

I never received anything but civility from the older Boers at their own houses. They had made up their mind to try and drive the “Roibatchies” out of the country, if their mission to England failed in its object, and they said so plainly enough to any Englishman they met; but a white man on the veldt, even if he wore a red coat, riding up to a Boer's farm, was given ungrudgingly the hospitality of the house and food for himself and his horse. The young Boers would stand by the door and scowl and growl things about the “verdompte Englishmann”; but with the old people the laws of hospitality were supreme.

One rode up to the door of a Boer's farm, knee-haltered one's horse, and turned him loose to roll and graze, and then, going in, greeted the family in proper form, calling the father of the family “Uncle,” and the mother “Aunt.” Asked to sit down, coffee, without milk, from the kettle was poured into a bowl for the guest, and eventually came the usual questions—

“What is your name?” “Where are you going to?” “Where have you come from?” “What news is there?”

One's rifle was always carefully examined, and its peculiarities made food for endless conversation. At the evening meal, one shared the family stew, a caross in the corner of the sitting-room served as a bed, and a dram of peach-brandy as a nightcap, while the horse was given a feed of green corn. In the morning, the old Boer wished one God-speed as one rode off. Wherefore I have a soft spot in my heart for the old Boers.

A CHAT WITH MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh's part in the new drama, “Hearts are Trumps,” at Drury Lane Theatre, represents her as Lady Winifred Crosby, a leader of Society and a woman of culture, refinement, and aristocratic position. Being somewhat in doubt whether such a character would meet the taste of a Drury Lane audience, I ventured to give expression to my thought as I sat chatting with Miss Vanbrugh in her boudoir on her return from a fatiguing rehearsal.

“Oh, no; I am not at all afraid that the part of Lady Winifred Crosby will not appeal strongly to the pit and gallery of Drury Lane. I believe they will thoroughly appreciate the character, for I consider the People the best of critics in distinguishing what really constitutes ‘good form,’ and, if properly portrayed, there is no difficulty in arousing their interest. Besides, Lady Winifred is so intensely human, being possessed of little infirmities of temper, as may be found in any of us, while she is irresistibly lovable in her contrition, which gives her the opportunity of displaying her generosity of soul and the depth of her forgiving nature. To my mind, Lady Winifred is a real, breathing woman; indeed, I think there are few, if any, playwrights who are happier in drawing real men and women on the stage than Mr. Cecil Raleigh, and in creating Lady Winifred he has unmistakably shown that he possesses more real heart than one might suspect under his outward cynicism.”

“That I can well believe. I am sure, too, that very general interest is being taken in the future fortunes of Mr. Raleigh's forthcoming drama. As for myself, I am looking forward with much pleasurable anticipation to his strong situations and his marvellously ‘fetching’ curtains.”

“You will not be disappointed in those respects, I can assure you. One interesting point about Mr. Raleigh's writing (and the remark will apply to Mr. Herman Merivale's work also) is that, when reading your part in the script, you are apt to remark the apparent paucity of words in places; but when you come to play the part in question, you discover that the number of words is absolutely adequate, that there are neither too few nor too many—consequently, there is no unnecessary ‘spouting’; while the ‘business,’ the acting (which is, of course, signified by the word ‘drama’), at once endows the scene with life and actuality. I was much struck with this fact during the rehearsals of ‘Hearts are Trumps,’” Miss Vanbrugh remarked with evident conviction.

“Well, of course, you know that the truest test of the dramatic value of a play is in the fact of its being intelligible when played in dumb show?” I observed.

“Quite so. By the way, I am much enamoured of pantomime plays. They are so intensely interesting, and I have taken many lessons from that wonderfully clever man, Signor Rossi, of ‘L'Enfant Prodigue’ reputation. We pretty thoroughly rehearsed a charming little ‘mime,’ an Eastern story illustrating a romantic episode in the life of a dancing-girl, whose duty it was to dance before an image of Siva. She fancied herself supplanted in the affections of her lover, and the consequent workings of her wounded heart are all portrayed by gesture and by dance, giving expression to her varying moods of jealousy, sorrow, and supplication. The music is by Miss Dora Bright.”

“It is a fascinating idyll, which I hope you will show us some day. I suppose it would be somewhat superfluous to ask you if you like your present part in ‘Hearts are Trumps,’ Miss Vanbrugh?”

“I thoroughly enjoy it, and, by way of some proof that the part should suit me, I may tell you that, although Mr. Raleigh was commissioned to write the part for Miss Ada Rehan, he has confessed that, while doing so, he frequently had me in his mind's eye as fulfilling his ideal ‘of the character.’”

“Although you have not played before at Drury Lane, except at benefits, it will not be the first time, I know, that you have appeared in strong drama. I shall never forget you as Jacinta in that ‘little tragedy in a nutshell,’ as it was called, ‘Monsieur de Paris,’ at the Royalty. I wish someone would revive it. Then, of course, I remember you in ‘Teresa,’ another strong play. I used to thank you for the expeditious way in which you died in that play.”

“The fact is, I have the greatest objection to protracted death-scenes; but my success in that scene is due to Sir Squire Bancroft, who came down several times to rehearse me in it. It was his idea, the pulling down of the curtains and dragging them with me as I came down the stage and fell dead close to the footlights.”

Naturally, before taking my leave, I wished Miss Vanbrugh every possible success.

“It is very kind of you. Somehow, I think 1899 is going to be a lucky year for me, for it is so full of my lucky number, nine; eighteen is a multiple of nine, and one and eight make nine, and then there's the ninety-nine besides.”

“While there is a nine in the number of your house here in Earl's Court Road, as well,” I remarked.

“Yours must be not only a busy, but a very varied occupation,” Miss Vanbrugh remarked as I rose.

“Yes, I suppose it is. My last subject was Dan Leno. Rather a far cry from him to you, you will perhaps say.”

“Not at all. You may be surprised to hear that, as Margaret of Anjou in ‘The Days of Old,’ I wore his stockings—or rather, those intended for him. It was in this way. I had to return those sent to me by the costumier, as not being the right shade, and in exchange received a pair which Dan Leno had rejected as not being the shade that he required,” said Miss Vanbrugh with a merry laugh, in which I was bound to join.

"THE SKETCH'S" "AU REVOIR" TO SIR HENRY IRVING.

It was with the greatest delight that I received from the Editor of *The Sketch* instructions to personally convey, on behalf of his numerous readers, an "Au revoir" message to his and my old friend, Sir Henry Irving, on the eve of his quitting London until next April. To meet



SIR HENRY IRVING.

Photo by Histed, Baker Street, W.

Sir Henry is not only to meet the most distinguished actor of his day: it is to meet a wise man of the world to boot—a man full of kind thoughts, of the cheeriest optimism (a valuable thing in these days), of unflinching tolerance, of true charity, and of the widest sympathies.

When I presented *The Sketch's* "Bon voyage" message to the good Knight, I found him (in the intervals of being "packed up") recuperating, as it were, at his new and beautiful suite of rooms in Stratton Street, Piccadilly, after a long course of rehearsals. Owing to the Lyceum's new lessee, Mr. Wilson Barrett, requiring the use of that honoured stage for himself, Irving and Co.'s rehearsals have had to be "called" in all parts of London. Indeed, for the past week or two these players might have been observed invading all sorts of theatres, town-halls, assembly-rooms, hotels, and even music-halls.

"Our rehearsal experiences of the past week or so have indeed been extensive and peculiar," said Sir Henry; adding characteristically, "but they have been of a pleasant nature withal, for everywhere we have met with nothing but kindness, although I fear we must have given a great deal of trouble to many." He pointed out that, even when he and his company reached Birmingham last Saturday morning, it would be necessary for them to rehearse at a local drill-hall, or something of that sort, as they would not be able until Monday to get possession of the stage of the popular Prince of Wales's Theatre in Birmingham, where they would, on that day, start their tour of certain principal British towns before embarking for America. These towns are (after Birmingham) Newcastle, Glasgow, Manchester, and Liverpool. At the last-named ancient city, however, Irving and Co. can play only five nights, as on the Saturday of that week—Oct. 14, to be exact—they must set sail for New York.

"Of course, it gladdens us to learn," quoth Sir Henry, "that the booking in each of these towns, where we have so many kind and loyal supporters, is already tremendous—as, indeed, it is also even at many of the numerous American theatres we visit, starting on Oct. 30 at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, where we stay three weeks. Although, of course, I regret to leave London—which I love—yet I am looking forward with the greatest pleasure to renewing acquaintance with our many friends in the provinces and in America, where our efforts in our delightful art have always met with such enthusiastic welcome."

"The Chief," as his Lyceum associates always call him, anon related, with honest pride, how that during his previous American tours whole troops of playgoers had been known to travel a thousand—or perchance two thousand—miles in order to see what he, with his usual modesty, called "our productions." There was one matter, however, concerning

which Sir Henry could not quite evade the "personal equation," and this was in gleefully confiding to me that immediately on landing in New York City he was to be given a "Dinner of Welcome" by his old American friends, the members of the local Lotus Club. At this "function" (if not earlier) he will, I gather, say, among other things, a few words as to certain recent journalistic attacks upon the English Actors' Association, and as to the "A.A.'s" reported attitude towards the so-called "American Invasion" of London.

Sir Henry went on to point out that he was taking out only six plays this time as against a larger number on previous occasions. As he truly said, however, one of these six—namely, "Robespierre"—is fully equal to a good many usual-sized plays—that is, as far as mounting and "crowds" are concerned. Most of the other plays to be "carried" are old favourites, such as "The Merchant of Venice," "Waterloo," "Nance Oldfield," and "The Bells," without which often morbid, but always money-making, melodrama Irving dare not travel at any time—even if he would. The only new play of this repertory is Mr. Alfred C. Calmour's blank-verse romance, "The Amber Heart," which (like "Nance Oldfield") is being included for Miss Ellen Terry to play on those nights when that distinguished actress has little or nothing to act with "the Chief."

Naturally, I was anxious to glean for *Sketch* readers certain authentic details concerning Sir Henry Irving's future London productions. He pooh-poohed the report that he had arranged to purchase a Judge Jeffreys play of French extraction. He verified, however, *The Sketch's* recent statement as to his having secured a new drama containing, for its principal *dramatis personæ*, such historical (and harassing) magnates as Charles IX., King Henry of Navarre, Catherine de Medicis, and Margaret of Anjou, and culminating in a realistic depiction of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. This play—of which Irving appears to think nobly—is at present named after the aforesaid Ninth Charles.

As I left England's leading actor—after a (to me) most delightful chat—his last words, as he waved his adieux, were his kindest remembrances to *The Sketch* and its readers, and an expression of pleasure at sending along his accompanying portrait by way of "souvenir."

A CUP OF TEA WITH MR. CECIL RALEIGH.

I dropped upon Mr. Cecil Raleigh at the Drury Lane Theatre at an auspicious moment, as he had actually a few minutes to spare, it being the hour for tea, a delightful function during the rehearsals under



MR. CECIL RALEIGH, AUTHOR OF "HEARTS ARE TRUMPS," THE FORTHCOMING
NEW DRAMA AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Arthur Collins's management, while it serves to unite the members of the company by closer acquaintance.

"I never rehearsed a better company," Mr. Raleigh observed to me as he handed me a cup of tea, "or one that seemed moved by a keener sense of *esprit de corps*. We have no night rehearsals, but everyone turns up at noon fresh and gay, and works with me *con amore* till five, when, as you see, we have tea and then dismiss. But tell me, what do you want to ask me?"

"Will you kindly give me some particulars of your drama, for everyone is intensely interested in the forthcoming 'Hearts are Trumps'?"

"Well, in the first place, the theme of the play is a simple one. You may remember that the plot of 'The White Heather' was concerned with the proof of a Scotch marriage, and the story of 'The Great Ruby' involved the pursuit of a stolen gem, while 'Hearts are Trumps' turns on a life-insurance, which gives the motive for an attempt at murder."

"Quite so."

"Well, let us suppose that a lady of position has contracted a marriage in early life, and has a daughter, and that the lady gets into money difficulties, so that she has to borrow money on her own security, with the collateral security of a policy of insurance on her daughter's life. Now, let us further suppose that the lady is financially ruined, so that the lender has no prospect of being repaid, and so becomes intensely interested in the early death of the daughter; but, as murder would vitiate the policy, he must endeavour to bring about the death of the daughter by an apparent accident."

"And that is substantially the story?"

"Precisely. Now, in building up a drama on these premises, you must select the locality, the social status of the parties, and the time."

"I understand. And these?"

"As to time, I always go in for the present. As I am fond of saying, I would sooner be the man of the day after to-morrow than the man of the day before yesterday."

"I see; you prefer modernity. Now, as to the social status?"

"Well, the taste of the public seems to be in the direction of 'smart' Society, which is mostly to be found in London, and as death by accident is the aim of the villain, the scene is presently transferred to Switzerland, which is a well-known death-trap to too-adventurous tourists."

"Please go on. You interest me immensely."

"Well, the first act shows you Lady Winifred Crosby, a leader of fashion, entertaining a party at her house for Sandown Races. And as gambling is a prevailing fever, which seems to attack women even more than men, the hostess and her guests are discovered playing baccarat, and, for the purposes of the drama, Lady Winifred loses heavily. Her losses supply the motive for her borrowing; but, to do so, she has, as I have told you, to charge her own income and assign a policy of insurance on her daughter's life."

"I see."

"In Act. II., the first scene opens in the Botanic Gardens. The occasion is a children's flower-fête, and you will note pony-carts and goat-chaises, and so on, covered with flowers, passing before the judges. Lady Winifred's daughter wins a prize. The next scene is at a fashionable artist's studio, after which you are presently transported to the Royal Academy, where a certain strong scene takes place, but what it's all about wild horses shall not drag from me," Mr. Raleigh declared with one of his hearty laughs.

"We now enter on Act III., I presume?"

"Quite so. This opens in the show-room of a smart milliner's in Regent Street. The business is run by a lady in Society, who is the villainess. She sells the concern to Lady Winifred, who hopes to redeem her fortune; but, having been deceived as to the profits, she comes a cropper, and finds herself penniless. Two lesser scenes follow, but never mind about them."

"Ah! And now we come to the great scene of the Frivolity Music Hall, I suppose?"

"Quite so. Here you—that is, the audience—are supposed to be on the stage, right at the back, and, before you, you see the *dramatis personæ* of various types, such as Dan Leno, Biondi, acrobats, serio-comics, and so on, who, you may observe, go in and out to attend to their 'turns,' which take place out of sight—in fact, in front of the various 'cloths' which are let down and raised from time to time; and there is an exhibition of the Biograph, too. In this crowd you find Lady Winifred's daughter. Why she goes on the stage is a state secret which you shall know on the first night, and not before. However, it is the resentment that her mother shows which drives her, unconsciously to herself and to everyone, into the hands of the plotters who wish to compass her death. She is inveigled to Switzerland, where an accident happens on the mountains through the fall of an avalanche, which overwhelms the villain and from which the daughter is only just saved in time. This episode is founded on a fatal incident which happened some years ago, but it's too long to relate."

"You certainly have made me most anxious and curious to see the drama."

"Well, many thanks, and good-bye."

T. H. L.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THE NEW VAUDEVILLE PLAY.

Everyone laughed merrily last Saturday night at "The Elixir of Youth"—adapted by Messrs. George R. Sims and Leonard Merrick from "Brock-spruenge"—the beauties of which are portrayed in the centre of the *Sketch*. For its chief character, an elderly married gentleman, who seems anxious to return to his wild-oat-sowing days, is, of course, a descendant from the early Criterion "naughty old man" who fussily meandered through "The Great Divorce Case," "Truth," "Betsy," and "Pink Dominos," to name no other examples of those often sultry works which Mr. Wyndham and his clever associates at one time made so popular. Since the Criterionites, however, drifted into soberer methods—even, as we have seen, to the extent of blank-verse tragedy—the honours of frivolous farce have been principally confined to Mr. Hawtrey's productions at the Comedy, the Avenue, and so forth, and to some three or four adaptations from the French submitted by the Brothers Gatti at the Vaudeville.

In choosing a German original for the latest comedy of doors and distractions, Messrs. Sims and Merrick have but followed the example of the late Mr. Augustin Daly, who imported here so many Anglicised—or rather, Americanised—farces originally "made in Germany." It may at once be said that Messrs. Sims and Merrick's adaptation is stronger in many respects than any that Mr. Daly brought us; indeed, it is perhaps the best sample of German-made farce since Von Moser's "Der Bibliothekar," which Mr. Charles Hawtrey adapted as "The Private Secretary," and the same Teutonic playwright's "Haroun Alraschid," adapted by Mr. Sydney Grundy as "The Arabian Nights," and by Miss Clo Graves (then disguised in the pen-name of "Austin Stannus") and Mr. Yorke Stephens as "The Skeleton."

The "naughty old man" in "The Elixir of Youth" is Mr. Greenslade, of Shadowfield-on-Ouse, and the mixture which is supposed (per hypodermic injection) to rejuvenate the system without altering the face is the invention of a semi-sane dodderer named Jeffrey. Of course, directly the supposedly rejuvenated benedict essays to secretly "go the pace," so surely (as in the case of needles-and-pins plus matrimony) "trouble begins." The foolish Greenslade becomes hopelessly entangled with the love-affairs, *billets-doux*, and assignments of all sorts of widely contrasted folk, including Cora Carrington, a more than usually dashing dancer, and her French maid, Suzette. With both these lovely and lively ladies the foolish-fond old man becomes "mixed up" in such sort as to imperil his very existence, owing to threats of dire vengeance hurled at him by this or that jealous lover or husband. As in one or two plays of late, and as (apparently) in the forthcoming new drama at Drury Lane, matters are still further complicated by a certain young lady being "falsely accused" of posing for the "Altogether." In "The Elixir of Youth," this matter is anon cleared up by the young lady's young mother confessing that the incriminating picture is a "study" from herself when she was an artist's model. The fun throughout is, to use a phrase that is something musty, fast and furious.

In conclusion, it may be safely asserted that, judging from its reception on the first night, when one of the German authors responded to the call, in company with one of the English adapters, namely, Mr. Merrick, "The Elixir of Youth" will impart increased vivacity even to the Vaudeville.

"A RUNAWAY GIRL" BROUGHT BACK.

To the vast delight of the many worshippers at the shrine of musical comedy, the Gaiety Theatre flung open its doors again last Saturday evening, and the run of that highly successful play, "A Runaway Girl," was resumed. Needless to state, the house was crowded in every part, and the vast audience soon discovered that the piece was none the worse—but a good deal the better—for its brief holiday. In the part of Miss Ellaline Terriss, who is busily rehearsing with her husband, Mr. Seymour Hicks, at the Criterion, appeared Miss Violet Lloyd, and, truly, no better substitute could have been found. Whether speaking, dancing, or singing, Miss Lloyd charmed the house beyond measure. That very quaint comedian, Mr. Edmund Payne, was well to the fore in his old part, and justified his magnificent reception by an exceedingly humorous performance of the Cockney courier, and the introduction of a first-rate burlesque ditty sung beneath the window of his fair one. Miss Grace Palotta had a new verse to the "Soldiers in the Park," not entirely unconnected with "that horrid Mr. Kruger"; Miss Connie Ediss discussed Society with the pleasant banter and Thackerayan insight of the Blackfriars Road; and Mr. Louis Bradfield made fresh havoc in the hearts of all—or nearly all—the ladies in the house. Mr. Ivan Caryll conducted, a task by no means easy owing to the enormous number of encores demanded and expected. Altogether, a very joyous and exhilarating evening.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, whose Lyceum revival of "The Silver King" is a signal success, corrects the "Dramatic Peerage's" statement as to his age, quoted in our last. Every playgoer knows this popular actor is one of the youngest and most energetic of our middle-aged histrionic artists. The aforesaid "Peerage" was manifestly in error in naming 1838 as the year of his birth. Mr. Barrett's private secretary clinches the matter by informing *The Sketch* that the creator of Wilfred Denver is younger by at least a decade.



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH IN THE DRESSING-ROOM OF HER RESIDENCE IN EARL'S COURT ROAD.

SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

MARK TWAIN ON THE JEWISH RACE.

Mark Twain on the Jews in the current *Harper* makes excellent reading. The conclusion he comes to is that envy and jealousy are at the root of the race-hatred, for in early days, if the Jew entered a mechanical trade or profession, the Christian had to retire from it. "The Jew has made a marvellous fight in this world in all ages, and has done it with his hands tied behind him. He has seen the rise and fall of Greek and Roman, and has beat them all, and Mark Twain now asks what is the secret of his immortality. He says he is quite above race prejudice himself. "All that I care to know is that a man is a human being," says Mark Twain. "That is enough for me; he can't be any worse." In this spirit he says he would rather meet Satan and shake him by the tail than any other member of the *European Concert*. What has Mr. Stead got to say to this?

"The Jewish Year-Book" just published gives the number of Jews in the United Kingdom as 136,000. Mark Twain says the Jews, as a race, are honest, a virtue which he also possesses. For did he not take up the burden of debt of a publishing firm in which he was involved and clear it off by his recent lecturing tour round the world?

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TELEGRAMS: HOTEL ALBEMARLE, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

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HENRY PLEWS, General Manager.

"THE GHETTO," AT THE COMEDY.

In Amsterdam, at the beginning of the century, there was a Christian maid, named Rosa, in a Jewish household composed of Sachel, a blind old widower; Esther, his elderly, plump sister; and Rafael, his son, an imaginative young man with a soul full of music and a horror of commerce. Rosa's position was curious—she was a "Sabbath Maid." In matters of ceremonial the Hebrew does not accept as true the maxim, "Qui facit per alium facit per se." He may not open a letter, light a fire, or pay money on the Sabbath, or do a hundred other small acts deemed an infringement of the Commandment against Sabbath labour, yet he wishes to have these things done, so he employs a Christian to do them, and is free from sin. It may be well imagined that the Jews have in contempt those who act thus for them, and Rosa's position would have been painful but for one fact—doubly painful, since Sachel had taken her off the streets when a starving child. The one fact was the love of Rafael for her; a love which led him to contract a secret civil marriage with her that put him in peril of being stoned in the streets of the Ghetto. Now Rafael despised his father, because he found that the old man used fraudulent devices in the laborious commerce by which he earned the money which the young man spent lavishly, so he was rude and sarcastic to him, and passed all his time either courting Rosa clandestinely, under his father's roof, or working at music away from home.

There dwelt at this time in Amsterdam another Jew, whose name was Aaron, who had a buxom, brown daughter named Rebecca, and she possessed a sensitive heart ready to answer at the call of any proper man. Aaron and Sachel were anxious that their children should wed one another, but the owner of the boy wished to sell him at the highest possible price, while the proprietor of the girl did not wish to give more than eight thousand guilder even for such a son-in-law as Rafael. So the old gentlemen—or rather, the old scoundrels—haggled over the marriage like Normandy farmers about the sale of a pig. Aaron had what seemed a happy thought: he sent Rebecca to see the young man, hoping that her rich charms would fascinate him and cause him to moderate his father's terms. Really, Aaron should have succeeded, since Rebecca was far handsomer than Rosa; but Rafael loved Rosa, so the poor brunette got nothing but scorn for her visit—scorn, for Rafael was a fellow without any chivalrous instinct, and, indeed, was ready to insult any and every body at a moment's notice—or even at none. The *spretta injuria forma* induced Rebecca to try to get Rafael stoned; but the Jews happened to be cowards, and the stoning was a failure. The failure, however, was the indirect means of causing old Sachel to discover that his son was perilously fond of his "Sabbath Maid," so the Rabbi was called in to bring the young man to his senses; and the Rabbi showed fine powers as a diplomatist, as well as a superb command of his temper, yet utterly failed in his task, and got insults and clumsy, elaborate sarcasms as a return for his kindly, well-meant intervention. Rafael, so Mr. Fernald stated in last week's number of *The Sketch*, is a character "typical of the modern Jew," and, if that were the case, it would not be surprising if the modern Jew were intensely unpopular. But the type is far from being a true or fair one. However, the young man quits his father's house to make his fortune as a musician; while Sachel and Esther, on the pleading and advice of the Rabbi, take back Rosa to their house to await the return of her incivil, civil husband. Aaron, who seemed to suffer from a monomania on the subject of marrying his daughter to Rafael, determined to get Rosa out of the way, and consequently intercepted Rafael's letters to her, and informed the girl that her husband was false.

Naturally, she disbelieved such a statement, particularly since it came from the mouth of a professed enemy; so this Aaron the Jew—little less of a scoundrel than Shakspeare's Aaron the Moor—conceived a more disgraceful plan. He induced old Sachel to tell the girl that Rafael was dead, and Sachel, compared with whom Ananias may be regarded as an estimable character, swore upon the Ten Commandments—upon the Mezouza nailed upon his door-post—whereupon Rosa cast herself into the canal and was drowned. This, no doubt, was very annoying to Rafael, but I should not be surprised if, after all, he married the buxom Rebecca, and spent her dowry in getting some of his compositions published.

The picture of the Jews presented at the Comedy Theatre in "The Ghetto" was very ugly, and I do not suppose that, despite some little touch of what may conveniently be called local colour, either Jews or Gentiles will accept it as true. Mr. Fernald, who in the last number of this paper was interviewed as the adapter of the play by Mr. Herman Heyermans, has withdrawn his name from the programme and written a letter complaining of the treatment by the management of his version. What may be the merits of his quarrel with the management I cannot tell, but it may be frankly stated that the piece actually presented to a brilliant audience, which included the Prince of Wales, Princess Maud, and her husband, Prince Charles of Denmark, is a long-winded melodrama of no great merit, save, perhaps, in a few not material scenes.

The cleverest acting was that of Miss Constance Collier, who gave an ingenious, vivid study of Rebecca and made all her scenes interesting. Next to her one may set the quaint, amusing performance of Mrs. Calvert, in the part of Esther, and a very agreeable, persuasive piece of acting by Mr. J. D. Beveridge, who presented the Rabbi. The characters of hero and heroine were taken by Mr. Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. Brown-Potter, and it is needless to say that their sincere and strenuous efforts met with hearty approval by the audience.

E. F. S.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

There is but one engrossing topic in England as I write. How great the tension was between the British Government and "Oom Paul" was noticeably indicated even at a festive function to which I had the honour of being bidden on the 7th inst. Hoping yet for a peaceful issue of the Transvaal difficulty, I could not but observe how the possibility of War seemed to colour the principal speeches at the Au-Revoir Banquet given by Mr. Frank Blackley to the Australian Team at the Inns of Court Hotel. One powerful guarantee of Peace, Lord Carrington maintained with deep feeling, was the universal love felt for our Queen. But the predominating spirit of the orations was happily conveyed in the earnest words of Lord Loch, who intimated that, if it came to the worst, England would be sure of substantial help from Australia and the Dominion of Canada. *The Sketch* is of opinion that Lord Wolseley and Sir Redvers Buller have made such admirable arrangements at home that the efficient little Army that has been quietly organised at Aldershot would be quite able to settle the Transvaal business off its own bat. Still, co-operation from our kith and kin beyond the seas is desirable in every way. And though (as Captain J. Darling put it, with dry humour, in returning thanks for the warm eulogiums passed on the Australian cricketers by the genial chairman, the Earl of Jersey) the conquering "Kangaroos" might not have time to play a match with "old Kruger," being booked direct for Australia, yet the formal offer of troops by New South Wales was sufficient proof of Australia's steadfast love of the Motherland. For the rest, the sheaf of telegraphic apologies for absence read by Mr. Blackley from hosts of distinguished personages, from the Prince of Wales to Mr. Pinero and Lord Rosebery, eloquently testified to the general goodwill felt for the victorious Australian cricketers. "*Au Revoir*—and not Good-bye!" is cordially re-echoed by *The Sketch*.

TO J. DARLING, AU REVOIR.

Dear sporting friend from o'er the sea,
To part is not nice, is it?
But, Darling, be assured by me,
We've much enjoyed your visit.
And if to little games of spoof
Unwittingly you treat us,
In this lies friendship's strongest proof—
We like you when you beat us.

Ah, cousin brown, you've kept us fit
And exercised the scorers,
We've seen the way you like to hit,
And total up the fourers.
We've bowled all day, like patient men,
Whilst you your time have bided,
And yet we've never quarrelled when
The game was undecided.

But now, I fear, you must be off—
Old Winter's at the wicket;
And no man lives absurd enough
To play that chap at cricket.
I've called you friend, the daily Press
As cousin always greets you;
England will deem you nothing less
Than brother—when she beats you.

The Queen's suite of private apartments at Balmoral looks to the west, and commands beautiful views of Deeside. The charming sitting-room in which her Majesty spends most of her time indoors contains a substantial writing-table, also a smaller table on which are placed the despatch-boxes and docketed letters and other documents with which, even when at Balmoral, the Queen has to deal every day. Messengers arrive every morning from the South, and, in addition to the private wire which connects Balmoral Castle with London, there is also a telephone to all the more important places on the estates, including Birkhall House, Abergeldie Castle, and the Commissioner's residence at Crathie. Next to her Majesty's rooms is the suite known even now as the "Prince Consort's Apartments," and this is preserved in exactly the same order as it was when he left it in the October of 1861. Balmoral Castle is full of mementoes of Prince Albert, many portraits of him at different ages being hung on the walls of the principal rooms and corridors, and the very fine statue of him by Theed is found in replica in the grounds, where it is of bronze, and in the house, where it is of marble. The Queen has always been very fond of statuary, and her Majesty never travels without a great number of family busts and statuettes accompanying her.

As all the world knows, the Queen delights in marrying and giving in marriage. As a young married woman, she not unfrequently assisted

at the weddings of her really intimate friends and dependents, and the first Maid-of-Honour who followed her Royal Mistress's example after the Queen's own marriage had the privilege and glory of being married in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace. Accordingly, there is something very interesting in the announcement that the Queen's trusted medical attendant, Sir James Reid, who has had the sole charge of the Sovereign's health for nearly twenty years, is about to contract a union with one of his Royal Mistress's Maids-of-Honour, the Hon. Susan Baring, youngest daughter of the late Lord Revelstoke.

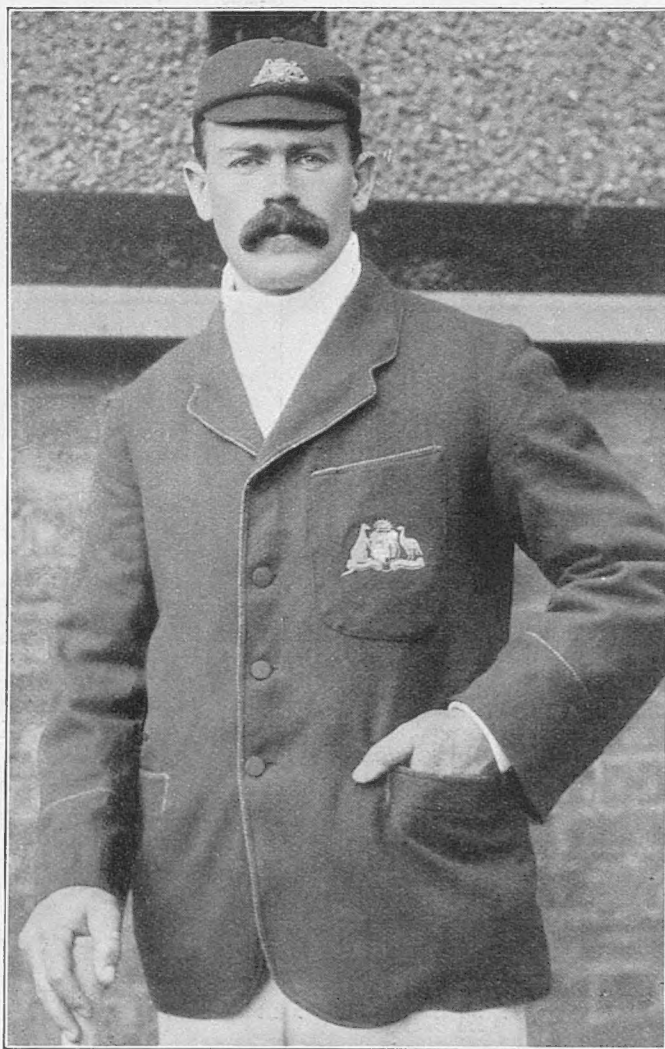
Surprise has sometimes been expressed that this type of marriage is not more frequent in the Court world. It may, however, be whispered that intimacy, and even acquaintance, between the members of her Majesty's Household is not by any means encouraged, and the Maids-of-Honour have to submit to a very Draconian mode of life. They are never allowed to receive any gentleman in their own sitting-room, no exception being made even in the case of a father or brother; and when

candidates for the honour are being discussed, more stress is laid upon that somewhat rare virtue, discretion, than any other, although, of course, certain accomplishments, notably that of music, are a *sine quâ non*.

The Sovereign willingly becomes godmother to the children of her faithful servants, and one of the few weddings which she has attended personally on Deeside was that of Victoria Macdonald, whose mother was dresser to her Majesty. She became engaged during her mother's last illness, and at her marriage the Queen enacted a mother's part, herself giving the bride away, and even signing the register afterwards. Such a special favour is not, of course, often shown by the Queen, but her Majesty was very specially attached to Mrs. Macdonald, and on Jubilee Day, after her Majesty's return from St. Paul's, one of the very few telegrams which the Queen sent off was to Mrs. Macdonald saying that everything had gone off well.

Even among the most devoted of the Queen's servants there are very few who can look back to a record of sixty years' work. The Paymaster of the Household, Mr. George Hertslet, entered the Lord Chamberlain's office as a junior clerk in the August of 1839. He comes of a family connected with the public service for nearly two hundred years, for his father was librarian at the Foreign Office for close on sixty years. Mr. Hertslet is the greatest authority on Court ceremonials living; he has been present at every great Court function since her Majesty's accession, and he has been the stay of innumerable grateful Lord Chamberlains, who have often had occasion to fall back on his extraordinary knowledge not only of ceremonial, but of the various etiquettes which have to be considered when foreign personages of importance are asked to assist at such different pageants as a royal funeral or a royal wedding.

Bernstorff, where the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria are now staying with the King of Denmark and a very large family party, is a very charming, unpretentious house, built very much in the French château style. The place is endeared to our beloved Princess not only by many early associations, but owing to the fact that it was there that, of late years, she spent many happy weeks with her mother, Queen Louise, who was never happier than when leading a quiet life at Bernstorff with her children and grandchildren. The late Queen's rooms are preserved exactly as they were when she last inhabited them, but, by the King's wish, everything is done to make happy and cheerful the Danish sojourn of his grandchildren. The Princess of Wales had not seen her brother, King George of Greece, for a long time, and she is said to very much enjoy seeing him in an easy and unofficial manner. They take long walks together daily, and King George often drives his nephews and nieces to various distant points in the neighbourhood. The Princess and her daughter are expected to stay in Denmark until the third week in October, when they will come home to Sandringham.



J. DARLING, CAPTAIN OF THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM WHICH HAS PROVED SO SUCCESSFUL IN ENGLAND.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

The Yorkshire Moors: These words bring a brighter sparkle to the eyes and a richer glow to the ruddy cheeks of all sportsmen who are acquainted with the range of heather- and gorse-covered hills that make



THE SHOOTING SEASON: SNAPSHOT
AFTER A SHORT DRIVE.

a handsome shooting-box situated near to the world-famed Bolton Priory, in one of the most beautiful neighbourhoods to be found in the country.

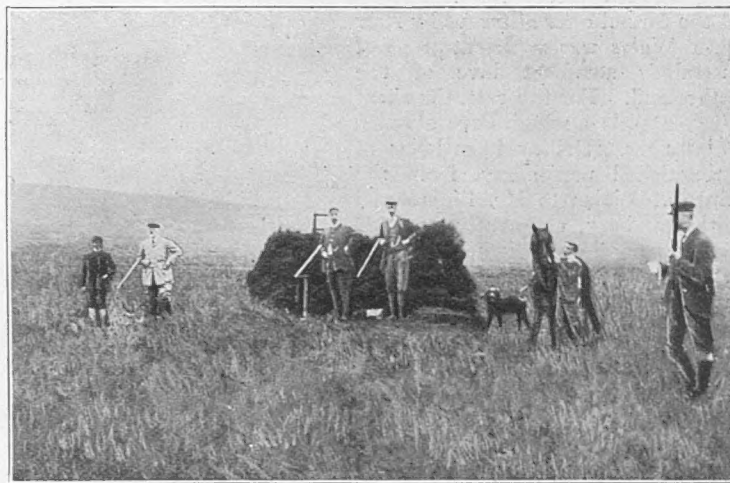
Lieut.-General Sir George Stewart White, G.C.B., G.C.I.E., V.C., who has been appointed to the Gibraltar command, is one of the most distinguished officers in the British Army. He joined the old 27th Inniskillings forty-six years ago, his first war-service being in the Indian Mutiny in 1857-9. Twenty years later he went through the Afghan Campaign with the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, winning his "V.C." for an act of conspicuous bravery at Charasiab, where, his men being too exhausted to follow him, he "went on by himself," and shot the leader of the enemy, so intimidating the rest, who outnumbered his men by eight to one, that they fled. At Candahar he actually captured a gun single-handed. In the Nile Expedition of 1884-5 he again distinguished himself, and in the Burmese Expedition of 1885-7 he commanded a brigade, and was promoted Major-General for distinguished service in the field and got his "K.C.B." In 1890 he commanded the Zhoob Field Force. Since then he has held various important appointments, including the command of the Quetta District, and, later, the Command-in-Chief in India. His decorations are many and his "mentions" numerous.

The Army Manœuvres this year, though not on so large a scale as might be desired, have been eminently satisfactory in at least two things. In the first place, they have proved that the Militia—the old Constitutional Force—is well able to take its place in the fighting-line, and, as far as physique and endurance are concerned, has nothing to fear from comparison with any troops in the world. In the second place, it has been shown that the youthful "Tommy" of the Line, after a few days' mimic campaigning, becomes as hard as nails and fit to go anywhere. A case in point was the return march to Aldershot of Major-General FitzRoy Hart's Northern Column, composed of cavalry, artillery, engineers, and five infantry battalions. After nine days'

arduous work in semi-tropical heat, Major-General Hart's command, carrying full impedimenta, marched into Aldershot, at the end of a twenty-mile dusty tramp, without the loss of a single man by the way. This will take some beating.

The "Royal Dragoons," booked for South Africa in case of war, enjoy the distinction of being the "Kaiser's Own Regiment," as the German Emperor is the Honorary Colonel. It is one of the peculiarities of the British Army that while the Dragoon Guards (seven regiments) rank before the Dragoons of the old Waterloo "Union Brigade"—the "Royals," Scots Greys, and Inniskillings—two of the latter, the "Royals" and the "Greys," are the only "heavy" regiments left in the service except the Life and Horse Guards, and therefore remain at home except in time of war.

The "Royals," or 1st Dragoons, are one of our oldest regiments, yet their "honours" commence with "Dettingen," while several junior regiments bear "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," and "Malplaquet"—fought more than thirty years earlier—on their standards. The 1st Dragoon Regiment owes its origin to the marriage of the "Merry Monarch" with Catherine of Portugal, who brought as her dowry Bombay and the city of Tangiers. A British garrison of four foot-regiments and a troop of horse was raised in 1661, and the "Royal Dragoons" are the descendants of this "Tangier Regiment of Horse." For twenty-two years they remained in Africa, fighting many fierce battles with the Moors; and after the withdrawal of the British garrison, the "Royals" fought at Sedgemoor, escorted the Duke of Monmouth to London, and were so unfortunate as



THE SHOOTING SEASON: WAITING FOR THE BEATERS.

to form the guard to the infamous Jeffreys at the "Bloody Assize." Later, they fought in the Netherlands, and in Portugal in 1703, undergoing a peculiar experience for British soldiers, that of being made prisoners with the rest of the garrison at Brihuega. Still later, they served in Germany, and throughout the Peninsular War. John Churchill himself was at one time Colonel of the "Royals," whose last war-service was in the Crimea, where they formed part of the "Heavy Brigade" under General Scarlett. Since then, with the exception of supplying a contingent for the "Heavy Camelry" in Egypt, the "Royals" have never left British soil, and one may hope that the continent where they first saw service will not be the scene of their next engagement.

I have more than once heard of a man defending himself from the onslaught of a lion or tiger by thrusting his rifle-barrels down its throat in the last resort. Poor Major Sandbach, of the Artillery, came by his death in Somaliland a few years ago in attempting to thus hold off a lioness which, nevertheless, managed to inflict on his hand and arm bites which proved fatal. A curious story of the same kind comes from the Khandwa district of Northern India. Mr. Bayly, also an Artillery officer, was charged by a wounded tiger he was following up; he missed it with his first barrel, and the second failed to go off; the tiger sprang, and Mr. Bayly jumped to one side, thrusting out his rifle to keep the brute off. The tiger, it is stated, seized the barrels and made his teeth meet through them, and, being unable to withdraw them, was shot by Captain Harrison, Mr. Bayly's companion. In his death-struggle he dragged the rifle from the owner's hands, and the jar caused by the stock striking the ground broke off the two teeth which were embedded in the steel. This story is said to be absolutely true, but, with the profoundest respect for the strength of a tiger's jaws and teeth, I venture to think it wants explanation.



THE SHOOTING SEASON: BOLTON HALL, THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S SHOOTING-BOX ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS, WHERE THE DUKE OF YORK STAYED FOR THE GROUSE-SHOOTING.

Miss Jessie Lindsay's dancing, which delights audiences every night at the London Pavilion, comes nearest to one's ideal of what constitutes the true poetry of motion. It was at the London Pavilion that, four years ago, this captivating coryphée presented herself on her arrival from



MISS JESSIE LINDSAY.
Photo by Hana, Strand.

America, when she was at once engaged. Periodically, she returns to the scene of her first success in this country, where she always receives the warmest welcome.

Apropos of the performance in connection with the Flint commemoration fête of "Richard II.," by Mr. F. R. Benson and his company, Mr. James M. Hardie, of Hardie, Von Leer, and Gordyn, has been giving some interesting reminiscences of the late Edwin Booth's production of the Shaksperian play. It was in the autumn of 1876, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York. The company included Miss Annie Russell, who made such a hit at the Garrick last year as Sue; Mr. Frederick Robinson, an Englishman, who afterwards joined the Lyceum company under Henry Irving; and Mr. Hardie, who has done good work as an actor. Mr. Hardie says that Edwin Booth's Richard II. was one of the most studious of his parts, and Booth himself said he would rather play it than any other part. The play was not a popular success, however.

In the case of the Rochefort family, at any rate, the tastes of the father have not been visited even unto the first generation. I heard recently of some remarkable improvements on the X-rays that were being made by a M. Octave Rochefort, and I called upon him, little expecting to find myself face to face with the son of the militant pamphleteer. There was no disguising the family traits. He is literally the double of his father thirty years ago. Like the younger Chamberlain, he has copied his sire in every detail—the famous top-knot, the cut of the beard, the loose collar and small black tie; in point of fact, if you emptied a box of white powder over his head, you would not know father from son. Even in his manner he has his father's famous courtesy and fascination in private society. A curious point to add: In addition to his electrical researches, M. Rochefort, with a keen

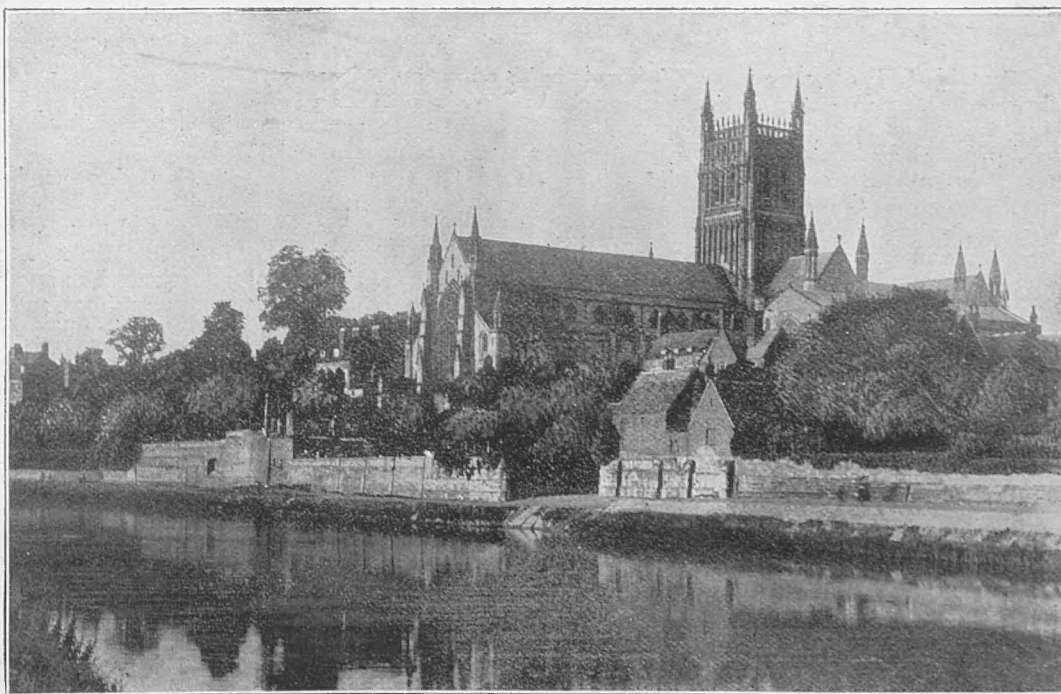
eye to business, is a hard-working agent for a firm of American typewriting-machine makers.

To-morrow (Thursday) is the Jewish Day of Atonement, popularly known as the Great White Fast. From sunset this evening until sunset to-morrow the vast majority of the Jews will neither eat nor drink, and every synagogue all the world over will be filled to the full limit of its capacity. It is the most sacred day of the Jewish year, and its effect will be seen on all the Exchanges of Europe, where business will be very dull indeed. Even the least observant Jews honour the Day of Atonement, and the synagogues hold many men whose faith is comparatively unknown to the majority of their friends. The services are very exacting. Evening service to-night will last for rather more than three hours. Zealous worshippers will be back in their places by seven o'clock to-morrow morning, and will not leave the synagogue for nearly twelve hours. Some ministers and very pious laymen wear their grave-clothes, and there are few synagogues to which ministers of the Protestant or Catholic Church do not pay a visit during the day.

Lord Rothschild will probably read part of the service at the Great Synagogue and the Jews' Free School in the East-End; Mr. Leopold will be at the Central Synagogue in Portland Street—I have been told that Mr. Alfred keeps the day privately at Halton, his country seat. For the people who can find no room in a synagogue, huge halls are taken, Charrington's, in the Mile End Road, being one of the best-attended. It accommodates some six or seven thousand people. One may safely predict that the Dreyfus Case will be brought into many of the sermons. The Chief Rabbi of the United Synagogue, Dr. Hermann Adler, worships on the Day of Atonement at the Great Synagogue; the Chief Rabbi of the Spanish and Portuguese Community, Dr. Moses Gaster, at the Synagogue in Lauderdale Road, Maida Vale, or Bevis Marks, in the City.

Worcester is this year the scene of the famous Three Choirs Festival, which is held in turn in the Cathedrals of that city, of Gloucester, and Hereford, by their combined choirs. The Festival is of very old establishment, the first having been held at Hereford in the year 1724, at the suggestion of Dr. Bysse, the Chancellor. For some years the Festival lasted only two days, but in 1753 the programme was extended, and it has grown steadily since, till it now extends from Sunday to Sunday, and "Festival Week" is to the city in which it is held the week of the year. Musical people come from all parts of the country, the Cathedral clergy keep practically "open house" to ticket-holding visitors, and garden-parties and allied social functions occupy the intervals between the performances in the Cathedral.

The choirs are strengthened by the first vocalists of the day. Among those at Worcester this week are Madame Albani, Madame Amy Sherwin, Miss Ethel Palliser, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Plunket Greene. The programme consists entirely of sacred music—one of the earliest extensions of the Festival was for the purpose of including Handel's "Messiah," which has formed a feature of the gathering ever since—but one evening is set apart for a secular concert in the Town Hall. Mention of secular music recalls the excitement to which the action of the Dean and Chapter of Worcester Cathedral gave rise in the autumn of 1874. That body refused to allow the Cathedral to be turned into a concert-room, holding, most properly, that applause was out of place. The difficulty was overcome by curbing these marks of gratification, and in the following year the Festival was held at Worcester as a strictly religious service.



WORCESTER CATHEDRAL, IN WHICH THE FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS IS HELD THIS WEEK.

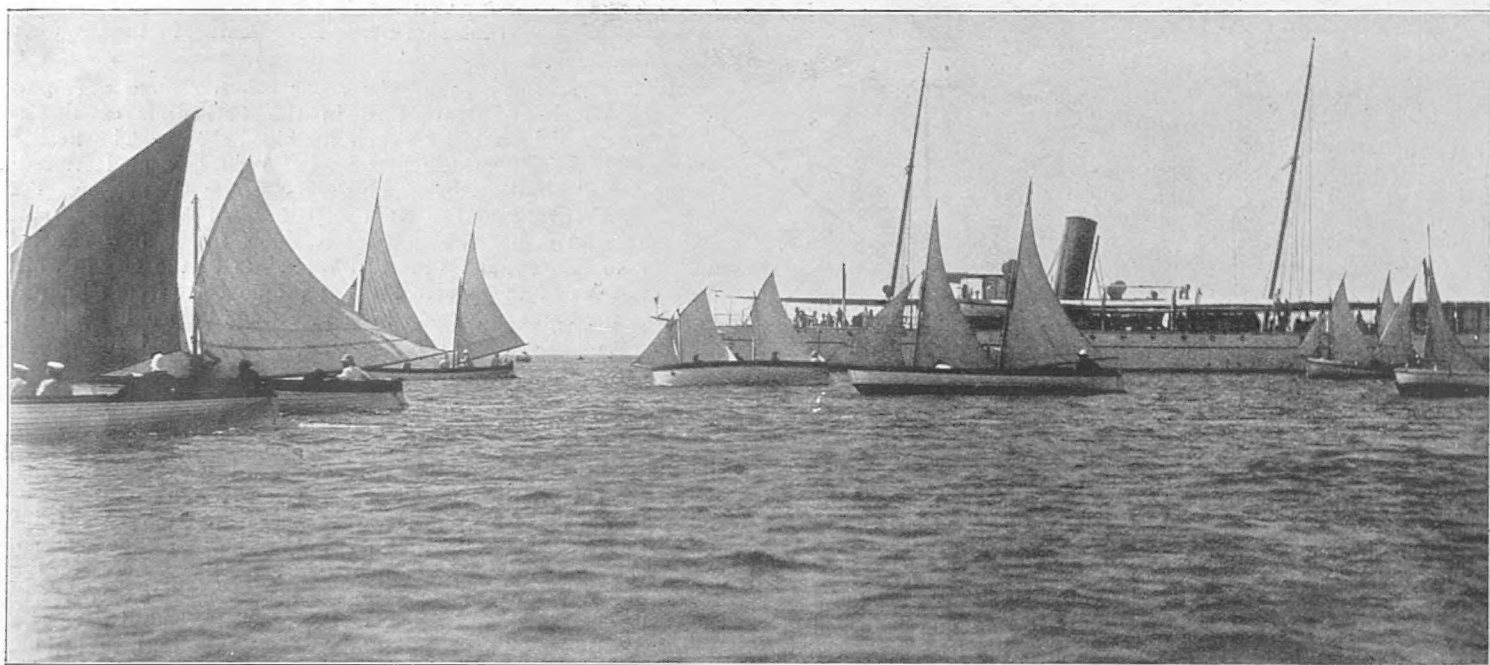
Despite reports to the contrary, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, with his wife and daughter, still remains at the Manse of Creich, Sutherlandshire, where the company was joined the other day by Mr. Lockwood Kipling, father of the distinguished writer. The Rev. R. L. Ritchie, Mr. Kipling's host, has been parish minister of Creich since 1885; he is one of the best Gaelic scholars in the country, has an extensive knowledge of the history and traditions of the Highlands, and is a talented narrator of folklore. The Duchess of Sutherland, who is staying just now at Dunrobin Castle, has visited Mr. Kipling in his temporary Highland home; and the novelist was at the Castle the other day, and has also been the guest for a short time of Mr. Andrew Carnegie at Skibo Castle. The lochs of Sutherlandshire are famous as angling resorts, and Mr. Kipling's leisure is occupied in fishing and cycling, of which latter pastime he is very fond.

I am always delighted to get letters from *Sketch* readers abroad, and the number I receive testifies to the immense popularity of the paper in every land under the sun. An Aden correspondent writes me as follows—

Great encouragement has been lent by the offers of various local gentlemen to present cups and other prizes for races to be sailed between the months of October and March, that being the Aden Season; but perhaps nothing could have given a greater impetus to the Sailing Association than the sporting gift of a very handsome cup by the American Vice-Consul, Mr. W. H. Lockerman, which was to have been sailed for during the visit of Admiral Dewey to this port. Unhappily, our hopes were disappointed so far as the "Hero of Manila" was concerned, as he did not call at Aden; but, notwithstanding, the cup was sailed for one day in August, when a dozen boats (mixed class) started. In Aden there is always a dead calm or a fine breeze, and, as luck would have it, on this

scene clearly before the eye. With a considerable following of natives to feed, the author's bag for two years and three months was necessarily a heavy one; but, if his "butcher's bill" was big, it is due to him to say that he never spared himself in the interests of scientific collecting. There are many excellent illustrations from his own photographs in the book.

Sandow is far from enjoying a monopoly as publicist in matters of physical culture. Among athletes I find that a large measure of respect is felt for "Professor" B. Macfadden. Mr. Macfadden has a training apparatus of his own, and has published a readable and often amusing book, lavishly sprinkled with photographs of himself in various stages of physical training. He is the editor of an interesting publication, issued in New York and London every month, at the modest price of one penny, and the *Macfadden Health Monthly*, as it is called, is embellished with quotations more or less apt from Dante, Emerson, Marcus Aurelius, and the *New York Sun*, a selection of authorities that speaks eloquently for the catholicity of the editorial mind. In addition to planning his apparatus and editing his paper, "Professor" Macfadden has written a novel, called "The Athlete's Conquest," and, if his ambition had stayed there, he would have had no reason to feel dissatisfied. It is only when Mr. Macfadden elects to be photographed in imitation of Greek statuary that the critical observer begins to suspect the "Professor" of a lack of humour. The great advocate of physical fitness is never ridiculous, but he is not always sublime. I notice that Sandow contributes to a magazine under the editorship of Mr. Macfadden, from which it may be gathered that the two strong men are united in



ADEN SAILING ASSOCIATION: RACE FOR THE "DEWEY CUP," WON BY MR. T. H. KNIGHT IN THE R.I.M. SHIP "ELPHINSTONE'S" CUTTER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COUTTEIN, ADEN.

auspicious occasion we had the wind, and, after an exciting race, the "Dewey Cup" was eventually won by Mr. T. H. Knight, in the R.I.M. Ship *Elphinstone's* cutter. The cup was presented during the evening to the fortunate winner by Brigadier-General O'Moore Creagh, V.C., Political Resident.

Captain Wellby has been more fortunate in his adventurous journey through Southern Abyssinia and the untravelled regions beyond than he was in his Tibet expedition two years ago. When about three hundred miles north of Lhassa, his muleteers deserted in a body, leaving him and Mr. Malcolm with four followers who remained staunch. The idea of the deserters was to hang about the remnant of the party, rush the camp at night, and carry off the mules and ponies, whereby they reckoned the Europeans and native servants must perish of starvation. Their iniquitous designs were frustrated by the vigilance of Captain Wellby, and the deserters found themselves in the situation they had planned for their employers, for only one of their number was allowed to return to duty. The rest eventually found their way back to India in a state bordering on starvation, and had the grace to admit that they had been justly used. On this journey Captain Wellby lost all his thirty-nine mules and ponies but three, involving the sacrifice of practically all his baggage and instruments.

While the Voulet-Klobb incident throws a sinister shadow over French political exploration in Africa, M. Edouard Foa's book on sport in Central Africa makes its appearance to show what the scientific explorer can do for the credit of his country. M. Foa was commissioned by the Department of Public Education to collect specimens for the Paris Museum, and this book, an English translation of which has been issued (A. and C. Black), is one of the most graphic pictures of life in forest and veldt I have read. The undemonstrative Briton may be pardoned for thinking some of M. Foa's pages a trifle theatrical, but his methods of description have, at all events, the merit of bringing the

their endeavour to improve the national physique. By the way, what has become of "Professor" Attila, who was, if I remember rightly, Sandow's earliest tutor, and at one time the recognised head and ruler of genuine strong men? He has long disappeared from his accustomed place in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, but there are many men-about-town who stand indebted to him for most of their muscular development.

One afternoon last week, I was going from St. James's Street into Piccadilly *via* Ryder Street. It was soon after the witching hour of lunch, and there were few people about. As I was turning into Ryder Street, I came face to face with a man whose visage at once arrested my attention. The man was looking about him in a manner that denoted some uneasiness, and, when he stared straight at me, I was conscious of something familiar about his appearance. He was rather below medium height, and dressed in a dark suit; his face was furrowed, his eyes were remarkably keen and piercing, he wore a moustache and whiskers, and was shaved under the chin, showing a rather firm mouth. After returning his stare, I passed on, and turned when I had walked half-a-dozen steps. The unknown had done the same thing, and we again stared before he turned the corner. For a moment more I had to think, and then the identity of the man stood suddenly revealed. It was Esterhazy, the former darling of the General Staff, the man whom the Generals hastened to embrace when the tame Judges found he had not written the bordereau. I saw him in Paris on two occasions, and his face has remained photographed on my brain. The whiskers have altered him, but not to any marked extent; the chin and eyes are sufficient for his identification. When I had recalled the man to my mind, I did not find Esterhazy's uneasy expression difficult to account for. He looked very much like a lame fox that has heard the hounds calling in the far distance and has no hope of getting away.

It was only the other day that a little girl, looking at one of Miss Edna May's portraits in Messrs. W. and D. Downey's (Ebury Street) window, exclaimed in the most enthusiastic manner, and so clearly as to attract the attention of all the passers-by, "Isn't she a darling?" I am sure any



MISS EDNA MAY.—SHE REALLY IS, ISN'T SHE?
Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

reader of *The Sketch* will heartily endorse that unbiassed opinion, particularly in the light of Miss Edna May's latest photographs. The Shaftesbury idol is at present out of "The Belle of New York" cast, having gone to Germany for a holiday. May she soon return to cheer jaded Londoners on their autumnal way!

The presentation by the Prince of Wales of new colours to the Gordon Highlanders next Monday is interesting from many points of view. It is fitting, for instance, that the ceremony should take place at Brackley, which is not far from Balmoral, for, though the Farquharsons now rule the roost in that part of the world, the Gordons once had the "guidin' o't" there as elsewhere in the north-east of Scotland. Indeed, Abergeldie, of which the Queen has long been tenant, is now almost the only land that has been held by the Gordons for three centuries, although the present laird spends most of his time at Eltham. Besides, Brackley was the scene in 1592 of a gallant Gordon's death, for the laird was killed there by Farquharson of Inverey. The encounter is remembered in a famous ballad—

What sighin' and sobbin' was heard in the glen,
For the Baron of Brackley wha basely was slain.
Frae the heid o' the Dee to the banks o' the Spey,
The Gordons may mourn him and ban Inverey.

This will be the second occasion that the Prince has presented colours to the Gordons, for about fifteen years ago he performed the same ceremony in the case of the 3rd (or Militia) Battalion of the regiment.

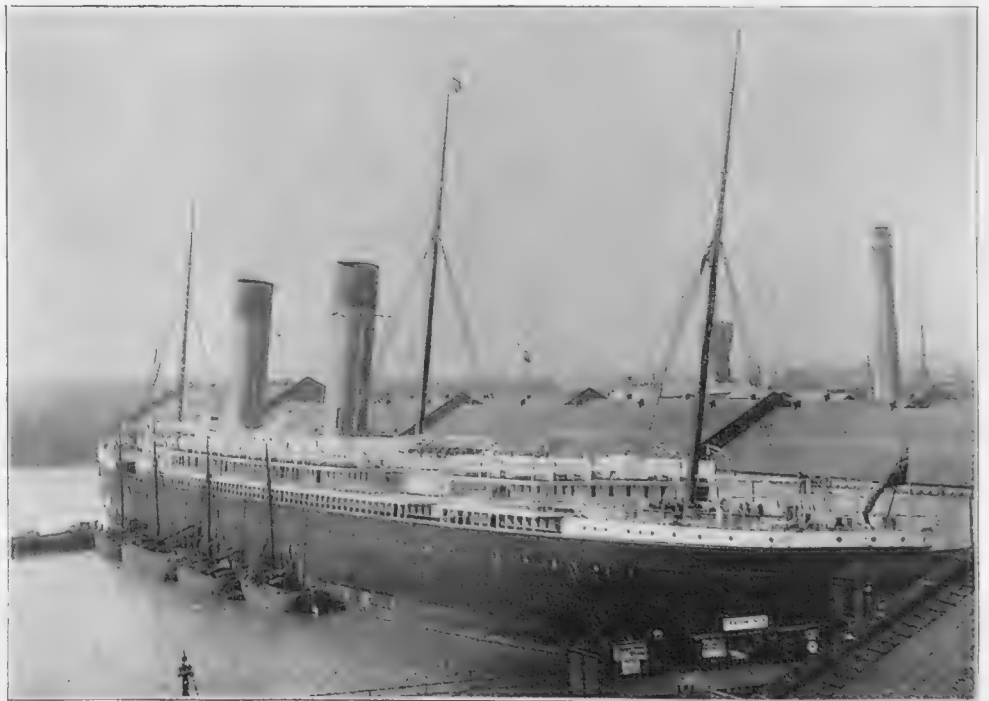
But most interesting of all is the fact that it was the woman who raised the Gordons who presented colours to London Town, for the Duchess of Gordon introduced tartan. The Duchess, you may remember, was a very remarkable woman. She bore her husband, the fourth Duke, five daughters and two sons. She made one daughter Duchess of Bedford (hence "Gordon Square" in Bloomsbury to this day); another became Duchess of Manchester; a third was the Duchess of Richmond who gave the famous ball at Brussels before Waterloo, and whose grandson is now Duke of Richmond and Gordon; a fourth daughter became the Marchioness of Cornwallis; while the eldest of all married, first, a baronet, and then a plain esquire. The Duchess was less happy in her sons. One of them died as a youth. The other, who succeeded as fifth Duke, and departed this life in 1836, would not take to him a wife, so his mother gave him a regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, in 1794.

And now for the colours of tartan which she gave London, where she led the fashion as rival goddess with Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. When her son, then Marquis of Huntly, attained his majority in 1791, he was presented to George III. in the full Highland costume of his clan. Gordon tartan is very pretty, and the Duchess was so pleased with her son's plaid that she sent it to China and had it reproduced in silk. The result was so successful that her Grace then got a large quantity of the tartan woven in silk by the weavers in Spitalfields, and she appeared at the next Drawing-Room in a Gordon tartan gown! The town simply gasped with admiration, for the Duchess

was exceedingly handsome, and had just the figure that could show off a tartan dress to advantage at Court—not an easy thing, by the way. In a few weeks a quaint coloured caricature of her Grace, entitled "A Tartan Belle," appeared, while all Society ordered Gordon tartan. The men appeared in tartan waistcoats. The women flaunted in tartan frocks. Indeed, so great was the demand that the Spitalfields looms could not work fast enough. "Scarce a respectable female," a contemporary has told us, "but wore the tartan waist to her gown, at least, and there was hardly a waiter at any inn in London but appeared in his tartan waistcoat. At last, the tartan influenza reached even Paris, and the Duchess had the gratification of knowing that she was the leader of fashion both for London and the French metropolis." London has got over its tartan craze, but the French still cling to tartan, the nursemaids of the Tuileries gardens, in long tartan streamers, dandle young France; and the little girls bask in tiny tartan frocks.

At present the two greatest railway tunnels of the world are those piercing the St. Gothard and Mont Cenis. It will not now be many years before that other great mountain of the Alpine range, the Simplon, will also be pierced, so that men may pass to and fro in trains beneath its mighty summit. The operations, it is true, are progressing slowly, but steadily and surely. More than 2600 men are there at work. The length of the cutting at the north end is now about 1500 yards, that at the south only about 800 yards. The work is at present progressing at the rate of some five yards a-day at each end. It is impossible to foretell the probable date of completion, owing to the changing nature of the strata; but when the two gangs of workmen meet in the middle, they will have completed the longest tunnel in the world, for they will have cut through thirteen miles of mountain.

Every berth was taken on board the new White Star liner, *Oceanic*, the largest ship afloat, when she started on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic last Wednesday. The magnificent liner was launched at Belfast in January last, and since then has been fitted out on a lavish scale. Her spacious saloons are beautifully decorated and sumptuously furnished, and her state-rooms contain all the most modern appointments and are wonderfully airy and comfortable. She has berthing accommodation for sixteen hundred passengers, exclusive of the officers and crew, and the first-class dining-saloon will seat four hundred. It has been repeatedly stated that the *Oceanic* was not intended to be a "greyhound of the wave," but, nevertheless, great things are expected of her in the matter of speed, her ponderous engines being regarded as veritable triumphs. They are driven by thirteen enormous boilers, heated by about ninety furnaces, and her coal consumption will amount to the unheard-of daily total of 700 tons when travelling at full speed. The *Oceanic* is 704 ft. long, 68 ft. 4½ in. wide, and 49 ft. deep, and has a displacement of 18,000 tons. Despite her vast dimensions—and to a landsman who has not had the good fortune to go over her the above figures convey but a poor idea of her immense proportions—she is a beautiful model, and one need not be a naval architect, nor yet a sailor, to admire the beauty and symmetry of her lines. Quite delightful was the trip to Queenstown.



THE NEW WHITE STAR LINER, "OCEANIC," IN THE CANADA DOCK, LIVERPOOL.

In spite of the frequent warnings of one's friends, there are several advantages in being a cow. For one thing, you are endowed with a pair of horns that will put to shame the most carefully cultivated



WHEN IS A COW NOT A COW? WHEN IT'S A NIGHTMARE!

"Kitchener moustache." You are also blessed with an intelligent look about the eyes, but need not give verbal justification of Mother Nature's very rare gift. More than all, you are not compelled to stand still to be snapshotted, but may, like the beautiful creature in this picture, step forward majestically and investigate the workings of the camera, at the same time eclipsing the insignificant human beings who would have posed alongside your ribs of beef.

The occasion of his eighty-ninth birthday affords a fitting opportunity to offer congratulations to Sir Andrew Lusk, one of the oldest surviving, if not the oldest, of our ex-Lord Mayors. It is just a quarter of a century since the venerable head of the firm of Andrew Lusk and Co. held this exalted office, during his tenure of which he was created a Baronet, and it should not be forgotten that for twenty years—1865-85—Sir Andrew represented Finsbury in Parliament. Born in the neighbourhood of Girvan in September 1810, when twenty-one the future Lord Mayor went to Greenock and began shipping operations on a small scale. Here his business grew so rapidly that he associated his brother with him in partnership, and when five-and-thirty he came to London to further extend his connection. Sir Andrew remains a thorough Scot, and continues loyal to the customs with which he grew to manhood in the quiet Girvan farmhouse; it has been his lifelong practice to make no calls on Sunday, neither does he ever drive on that day.

Probably the most famous bulldog in England at the present time is Champion Baron Sedgemere, who, with his kennel-companion and own sister, Champion Battledora, has recently been purchased from his breeder and late owner, Mr. Sam Woodiwiss, by Mr. F. W. Taylor, of



"WHO SAID 'KRUGER'?"

Photo by Thomas Fall, Baker Street, W.

Sunnyside, Sunderland, for the large sum (even in these days, when dogs of all breeds fetch prices undreamt of a quarter of a century ago) of £600. Champion Baron Sedgemere is one of the famous litter by Stockwell ex Champion Blackberry, born in 1895, which also included Champion Boaz, Mr. G. R. Sims's well-known Barney Barnato, and Baroness Sedgemere. The Baron is a light-weight, and is a red dog with a white chest-marking; he is good all round, and his head is one that certainly has never been surpassed. His large and phenomenally wrinkled, square skull, with its great length from eye to ear, his magnificent turn-up and lay-back, fill the heart of every bulldog fancier with envy and admiration, and, looking at him, no one can wonder at his almost unbeaten record.

Miss Yvonne de Treville, the young American soprano who made so successful a début at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts on the 28th of last month, will shortly visit us again in the more onerous rôle of an operatic prima-donna. Miss de Treville comes of an entirely French family, but was born in Galveston, Texas, U.S.A. She has been educated in Paris, and there has studied music and singing very thoroughly, and is as delightful in the lightest French or German Lieder



MISS YVONNE DE TREVILLE.

Photo by the House Studio, Brattleborough, Vermont.

as she is in the heavier operatic aria. She has already received a very good offer from the Opéra-Comique, in Paris, but she has decided to sail for the States very shortly, and there fill an operatic engagement with the Castle Square company in New York. After this she will return to London for the season of 1900. Her greatest successes have been in "Faust," "Lohengrin," "Aïda," and "La Bohème" (Puccini). She is an earnest and quick study, and loves her work.

Though the late Ernest Renshaw was rather overshadowed by his brother, William, I cannot recall any game of tennis so well worth watching as one in which the two brothers played together against worthy opponents. I saw them in 1889, when, I believe, they held the Championship, and some few years ago in Nice, where the fame of their playing spread far and wide, and attracted the attention of countless cosmopolitans who had little or no practical acquaintance with any form of physical exercise except horse-riding. When the brothers played together, I found it well-nigh impossible to criticise them individually; they were, together, a machine that the opposing side could scarcely baffle. In addition to their marvellous gifts, they completely understood each other's game; there was never any hesitation; the two players had become one, and so they remained until victory was achieved or a very hard-fought game was lost. Only a few weeks ago, a famous cricketer was telling me about the immense advantage the Australians enjoyed when they played an English eleven that was picked from several counties. "They are one force," he said; "we are sometimes nearly half-a-dozen." So it was with the Renshaw brothers. By himself, Ernest Renshaw would have passed from the game with the advent of Lawford; with his brother, he remained in an enviable position as long as he played. He will be much missed on the Riviera.

The *Kinfauns Castle*, the new Castle liner built for Messrs. Donald Currie and Co. by the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company, made her trial trips on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 23 and 24, from the Clyde to Southampton. She is announced to sail on her first voyage to South Africa on Sept. 29. On the previous Tuesday, a sister-ship, the *Kildonan Castle*, was launched from the Fairfield Works. These are the largest and fastest steamers that have been constructed for this popular line between the United Kingdom and South Africa. The *Kinfauns Castle*, which has been built of steel throughout, has a length of 532 feet, with a gross tonnage of about 10,000 tons, while her engines have developed over 10,500 horse-power. She is arranged for about 300 first-class passengers, 160 second-class, and 200 third-class.

Dr. Donaldson Smith, who, with Mr. Carlile Fraser, is now on his way to the district west of Lake Rudolph in East Africa, has, it is understood, been commissioned by a well-known Indian potentate to make a collection of the fauna and flora of that part of the great continent. The doctor has already had much experience in African big-game shooting. He was the first white man to cross Africa from the Red Sea to the Zanzibar coast, and in his present expedition he will probably travel over part of the country covered by Mr. H. S. H. Cavendish in his remarkable journey round Lake Rudolph.

The Earl of Kimberley is to be congratulated upon having saved from the flames—and to some extent *manu sua*, for his lordship is reported to have himself made use of a hand-pump—his country residence near Wymondham, for, although the mansion dates back only to the commencement of the eighteenth century, it contains many relics of priceless value which are bound up with the history of this ancient family. Among these is the dress of rich brocade which was worn by Queen Elizabeth when she stayed at the old hall in her progress through Norfolk in 1578, and there are also some beautiful paintings, including a portrait of Vandyck by himself. The Wodehouse family, which is of great antiquity, dates back to the time of Henry I., one member fighting with much distinction at Agincourt.

There is no one, from personal and official experience, who has a fuller acquaintance with South African affairs than Sir James Sivewright, K.C.M.G., who has been staying in London for some time. Sir James, who received his title in 1892, is a Fochabers man, as was the gallant Major Alan Wilson, who was slain with his little band on the Shangani River. From 1877 till 1885 Sir James Sivewright was General Manager of the South African Telegraphs, he has been Commissioner of Crown Lands and Public Works in Cape Colony, and is at present

Commissioner of Public Works. Lately he has been the subject of strong animadversion by some of his Bulawayo compatriots; but adverse criticism, he characteristically avers, never affects him. Sir James declares—though, he says, it seems hardly credible—that a certain class of Scotchmen are the wildest Jingoos in South Africa, and that it is foolish to attach much importance to what they say. "Those who have been shouting for war," Sir James Sivewright told a friend the other day, "are those who do not understand what war means. I know what a war with the Boers would mean," he gravely concluded, "and I would go far to avert it." He should go to "Oom Paul," then.

One hears frequently enough of windfalls to individuals, but the instances are comparatively few in which they can be so well substantiated as in the case of the fortunate draper's assistant in Glasgow who has become heir to a fortune of £100,000, and, with his mother and sisters, has entered on the occupancy of Baillieston House, in the West of Scotland. John Scott, the lucky youth, is not yet nineteen, but is evidently the possessor of qualities which will not allow of the sudden accession of wealth "turning his head." He informed his employers, the other day, that he would not likely require to handle ribbons and lace any more, and went the round of the counters and bade farewell to his old associates. One evening last week, his fellow employees accompanied their old comrade on a trip to Rothesay, the firm generously closing early in the afternoon, to afford an opportunity of a parting meeting. The fortune has come to the young draper from a grand-uncle, Mr. John Maxwell of Baillieston, and John Scott will be henceforth known as John Scott Maxwell.

The annual pilgrimage of the Whitefriars Club took place this year under exceptionally favourable circumstances. The members of the club, with ladies, were invited to Warwick Castle, where they were most hospitably entertained by Lord and Lady Warwick. The photograph shows Lord Warwick in the centre, with Friar Robert Leighton on his right and Friar Richard Whiteing on his left. The Countess of Warwick is standing in a conspicuous position, while in the left-hand corner is her only daughter, Lady Marjorie Brooke. In responding to a vote of thanks moved by Friar Whiteing, the chairman of the day, Lord Warwick said that he looked upon himself as a trustee for the public of the precious treasures in Warwick Castle. He had been obliged to refuse the invitation to send his Vandycks to Antwerp, because of their priceless value. He was always ready to show the pictures to anybody who cared to see them, but he could not run the risk of sending them to a foreign country. The arrangements for the pilgrimage were carried out by Friar Arthur Spurgeon, the genial hon. secretary of the Whitefriars Club.



THE NEW CASTLE LINER, "KINFAUNS CASTLE," BUILT FOR DONALD CURRIE AND CO. BY THE FAIRFIELD SHIPBUILDING COMPANY.

Lady Marjorie Brooke.

Countess of Warwick.



Friar Joyce, Friar Westall.

Friar Leighton, Lord Warwick, Friar Whiteing.

Friar Senior ("Redspinner"), Friar J. Farlow Wilson.

THE WHITEFRIARS CLUB AT WARWICK CASTLE, AS THE GUESTS OF LORD AND LADY WARWICK.

The observations and reflections of Bolossy Kiralfy at the earlier performances of the "Orient," in Paris, should be interesting reading. To a man of his temperament, who dances and squeaks with agony if one girl in the whole ballet is out of place, his must have been grief too



"DIVINELY TALL, DIVINELY FAIR," MISS SHELDON BRIGHTENS THE ADELPHI LIKE A RAY OF SUNSHINE, AND COMES OFF "WITH FLYING COLOURS."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

picturesque for words. An elephant was brought on, and a very fine elephant it was, too, but anxious to do too much. As it entered, to the accompaniment of solemn music, it noticed a few hundred yards of scenery, and moved it without any request from the stage-carpenter. A minute later the King was carried in, and priests and fair maidens bowed to the ground, and a great chorus swelled out. He got tilted out, and rolled on the stage. Some camels, apparently bearing despatches of State importance, marched on, but there was no chance of stopping them to collect the post, and the contents of those bags are as mysterious as those of the Secret Dossier.

Prior to the evolution of the whole *corps-de-ballet*, some acrobats were introduced, and they retired, leaving two ladders as long as a day without food on the stage, and you can imagine the fairy movements to be done in company with these weapons. I was heartily sorry for Kiralfy, because he had undertaken a colossal task, and what is comparatively easy in London is very difficult in Paris.

On the face of it, it would seem probable that the mobilisation of a *corps-de-ballet* would be simplicity itself in a gay city like Paris; but, as a matter of fact, nothing is more trying. Every inducement is held out, but, unless a prominent place is assigned her, no pretty woman will accept an engagement. Apart from that, they desert, like the soldiers of the Mahdi, and what is on one occasion a dream of colour and beauty becomes, a night or two later, something like a seedy suburban flower-garden. It is for this reason that all the principal halls fall back upon England for ballet-girls. As they are engaged through agents and have to sign clearly worded agreements, the management are practically certain of their appearance; but, even in their case, attractions greater than those of the footlights thin the ranks from time to time.

I see welcome statements in the papers to the effect that contests between wild animals will no longer be permitted in France. This is excellent reading, but it is very little more. In theory, the *Loi Grammont* is a powerful guard against cruelty to animals; in practice, it is almost as helpless as the late-lamented Félix Faure in the clutches of that

admirable citizen, Edouard Drumont. The Northerner may be content to obey the laws relating to the protection of animals; but go down to the South, from the Pyrénées-Orient to the Bouches du Rhone, and the case is vastly different. Cock-fighting and bull-fighting are worth more to the sun-tanned men of the South than a series of Dreyfus cases. At Nîmes, Arles, Dax, and a few other old towns I have visited, bull-fighting *à l'outrance* has only been stopped by the action of the Municipality in filling the arena with soldiers, and an immense discontent has been caused all over the South by the occasional enforcement of the *Loi Grammont*. In the "good old days," now some five or six years old, the great matadors of Spain who were engaged at Madrid or San Sebastian would cross the Pyrenees with their *cuadrillas*, to the immense profit of the towns they visited. In one or two, hotels were built to accommodate the numerous wealthy visitors.

Madame Margaret Durand is at the head of the only daily paper in the world made entirely by women. *La Fronde* is owned, administered, edited, written, typed by women. Its founding in Paris was a feat as daring as it was extraordinary. There were, as there always have been, excellent women writers in France; but women in journalism, producing regular "copy" for a living, was, with the exception of two, unknown. That women make an important part of the Press in England and America was set down to "the eccentricity of the English." *La Fronde* then burst like a bomb on Paris, and was hailed with polite sarcasms. But it was thoroughly organised, took itself seriously, and, after some gropings, ranged itself with the best of the one-sou papers. It is to-day in its third year of prosperity. Its reporters, when the occasion demands, do their work in men's dress. In literary style it holds its own with the best; in politics it is Radical-Republican.

La Fronde espoused Dreyfus from the first, and has laboured efficaciously in his cause. Its publisher, Margaret Durand, made with reason, then, one of the privileged in the Council Chamber at Rennes. Her articles on the process were close in logic, and had the honours of quotation in the other morning papers; while Severine's daily leader to the same paper, charged with denunciations against the *État-Major*, made one think of ninepin balls rolling down an alley of toppling pins.

Tod Sloan warns an American interviewer against people who might be "inclined to class him with William Waldorf Astor." Who is it that has committed this sacrilege? The eminent jockey will also look on



DONCASTER RACECOURSE: LEAVING THE Paddock FOR THE MILTON STAKES.

See "The World of Sport."

attempts to connect his name with the Duke of Westminster or the Prince of Wales as a personal matter. The line in irresponsible gossip must be drawn somewhere. And yet, as a matter of fact, Mr. Astor is exclusive enough himself. In one part of the States he is known as "William Walled-off Astor."

The St. Giles Mission holds a high place in the favour of the charitable, and, for an unendowed institution, enjoys a very large income, even though it is not nearly large enough for the work that is to be done. In the beginning of the present year the Mission acquired some property in Maldon for Holiday and Convalescent Homes. Finding myself only a few miles from the old Essex town last week, I rode over and took a stroll through houses and grounds. There is one fair-sized house standing on the top of the hill in about three acres of garden and meadow, and there are eleven cottages in a row. The present Home is the freehold property of the Mission, and can be enlarged and improved as occasion directs at the management's leisure. At present the house and cottages can accommodate nearly one hundred people, and the premises will be used as a Holiday Home in the summer and Convalescent Home in the winter. Miss Wheatley, daughter of the hard-working Superintendent of the Mission, looks after the interests of the Home and the well-being of the inmates, who range from men and women long past the prime of life to little children who cannot be more than six or seven years old.

Vinegar Yard, in Drury Lane, the last house in which was removed some years ago, is to be converted from a thoroughfare into a *cul-de-sac*, and covered over for the convenience of persons waiting for the opening of the adjoining theatre doors. The Yard is a spot that appeals to all who are interested in old London. In bygone days, the "Windmill" in Vinegar Yard was a favourite place of resort, while the "Crown" appears to have been at one time the meeting-place of the Eccentrics Club, and here early contributors to *Punch* used to eat a weekly dinner. The best-known tavern in the locality was named "The Whistling Oyster." The origin of the designation is accounted for by the proprietor asserting that he heard one of his toothsome "natives" producing a kind of "sifflement"—a circumstance that attracted Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, and other lights of their day to the tavern. Vinegar Yard, too, has the distinction of being the reputed birthplace of Fanny Barton, who, as Mrs. Abingdon, was one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's sitters, and Charles Lamb alludes to the Yard in his description of a first visit to a playhouse.

To their other distinctions, the ducal family of Argyll adds one that is not very generally known—a facility in verse-writing. Perhaps no

member of the family, from the Duke downwards, would claim the title of poet, and yet the Duke himself has published a volume of verse, while the Marquis of Lorne has been responsible for more than one book of poems, and has written the libretti of two Scottish operas. Some years ago, it may be recalled, Lady Colin Campbell, who has written "occasional poems," had a one-act play produced in London; and now Lady Archibald Campbell has just finished a Celtic play, which is to be produced shortly. Lord Archibald Campbell, though his output in

verse is less than that of his elder brother, has, nevertheless, some claims to be considered the laureate of the family. Most of Lord Archibald's poetic work has been published anonymously: it was ten years after publication before the authorship of his inimitable gem—"To Andrew Lang"—"Oh, Andrew, man, St. Andrews, man"—became known. His latest poetic effusion is in commemoration of William Black, the novelist.

We have been familiar of late with the sand-artist. Now we hear of a new medium for artistic purposes. Visitors to an attractive Fifeshire village this summer have been struck by the artistic bent of a local groom, who occupies his leisure in covering the windows of his stable with pretty little sketches skilfully designed in soap. One day the sketch may be that

of a horse-race, which will give place to a landscape or seaside scene, and the work is always completed with a border representing a picture-frame.

Who says that Vegetarianism is dying out? Let the scoffer read this little note forwarded to me by the "Vegetarian Federal Union"—

The wedding that is arranged between Dr. Oldfield, of Harley Street, and Miss Gertrude Hick, Matron of the Hospital, Kettering, will take place in September. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Mayor, Professor of Latin in the University of Cambridge. It is interesting to note that all three are strict vegetarians.

It is indeed interesting to note the fact; but let me add one or two suggestions of my own. Would it not be nice if Mr. Bernard Shaw should write a vegetarian sonnet for the occasion? "From cabbage morn to radish eve" would make a good catch-line. And then I do hope that no foolish person will present the happy couple with a set of carvers. Irony is all very well in its way, but steel is out of place at a vegetarian wedding.



ON TROUVILLE SANDS.



TROUVILLE, FROM THE SEA.

THE NEW COMMANDER AT DEVONPORT: GENERAL SIR WILLIAM BUTLER, K.C.B.

Major-General Sir William Francis Butler, K.C.B., is now due at Government House, Devonport, to take up the command of the Western District. It is less than a year since he received sudden orders to start



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM
FRANCIS BUTLER, K.C.B.

Photo by Weston, Dorer.

for the command of the Forces at the Cape, a post he undertook with all speed at the call of public duty, and that he made equal haste to relinquish at the call of private duty, when he found that he and Sir Alfred Milner could no longer "see with one eye" the sights now to be seen in South Africa. Unwillingly did the Government accept the resignation that was sensationally head-lined a "recall"; and as quickly as he had left Dover Castle to go out to the Cape did he leave Erinville, at Cape Town, to take up his new command in Devon.

Nor is any man in the British Army less of a novice than General Butler at a speedy transit. All his life he has loved travel, and sought it. Entering the 69th Regiment in 1858, he fired his mind with

its past achievements, and put them into a book to relieve the boredom of idleness in times of peace. He first saw active service in Canada in 1870. That was when the Red River Expedition quelled the Rebellion of Louis Riel. Two years later, he made tracks in those parts on his own account. The stagnation of peace was a burden to him; and, his shrewdness at fault for once in his life, he evidently failed to foresee the career of distinction the army was to offer him. His own half-jesting but wholly serious account of his impressions of military things in the early 'seventies are now ancient history, but they are curious to recall. "There had never," he said, "been so many armies in England. There was a new army, and there was an old army; there was an army of Militia, an army of Volunteers, and an army of Reserve; there were armies on horse, on foot, on paper. There was the army of the future—of which great things were predicted—and, far away, lost in a page of history (but still more substantial than all other armed realities, present or future), there lay the great dead army of the past. It was a time when everybody had something to do with military matters. Committees controlled the army. Departments dressed it, Radicals railed at it, Liberals lectured upon it, Conservatives condemned it, Peers wrote pamphlets upon it, Princes paraded it, and every Member of Parliament had something to say about it." And so you saw the young soldier in times of piping peace piping in something of a temper!

The uniform-harness which had galled a Burton, a Palgrave, a Ruxton, and a Hayward, grew irksome to William Francis Butler, and the spirit of adventure descended upon him also. His travels in British North America had given him new zest for wandering, and the success which came to him as the author of "The Great Lone Land" showed him the way to utilise his roving. Again that solitude called to him, and he preferred those snows to "the winter of his discontent" at home. The season itself was spring, when London is dearest to the butterfly. "It was just the time to leave London," he says, in the perverseness of his fettered spirit. "The elm-trees in the Parks were beginning to put forth their earliest and greenest leaves, innumerable people were flocking into town, because custom ordained that the country must be quitted when the spring is at its finest, as though the odour of primroses had something pestilential about it, and everything in the shape of violets except violet-powder was injurious to feminine beauty. Youthful cosmopolites with waxed moustaches had apparently decided to compromise with the spring by making a miniature garden of their button-holes. It was the last day of April, and ere the summer leaves had yellowed along the great sub-Arctic forest my winter-hut had to be hewn and built from the pine-logs of the far-distant Saskatchewan." That untiring traveller's tale is told at length in the volume entitled "The Wild North Land."

Another journey and another book were soon to follow, for Major Butler returned from the Pacific Shore to find an expedition started from England against Ashantee. Strange to say, he had desired, before he went North, to go to Africa in search of long-lost Livingstone; but that was not to be; and now, returning, he had a measure of African adventure pressed down and running over ready to his hand. Wandering down the Pacific Slope to California, and crossing the continent in eight days (it had taken him eight months to cross it a thousand miles further north), he stood once more on the Atlantic shore. In his hotel he took up a paper—the *Free* something or other. "Great Britain has decided," he read, "to send an expedition against the Ashantees on the West Coast of Africa. Sir Garnet Wolseley will command." The British officer walked straight to the telegraph office, and "wired" to Wolseley, the leader whom he had followed three years earlier, one of a small band led across the then wilderness of rock and water, pine-tree and

precipice, lying between the headwaters of the St. Lawrence and Lake Winnipeg. It was enough to say to any of that small band of braves, "Wolseley leads," to ensure an unquestioning following. Home the wanderer instantly sailed, and as the *Russia*, bearing him on board, sighted Holyhead on her way to the Mersey, she passed without recognition another vessel, the *Ambriz*, outward bound, in which were Wolseley and his gallant company. By a few hours Major Butler had missed the start. What then? There was nothing left but to follow. The *Benin* bore the belated one, and in the October of 1873 he saw the Sahara. The tale of that Ashantee campaign was told by Major Butler in his "Akimfoo: The History of a Failure"—and the history of a fight with fever, staved off by quinine and by an iron will while work was to be done, but reasserting itself on the voyage home till it was very near to being victor. He was carried from his cabin as one dying, if not dead, to the hospital at Netley, and it was into the Queen's face that he looked when at last he opened his eyes. Convalescence came to him in green rest under the shadow of the Galtees in County Tipperary, the old home of his family, and the place where his motherless boyhood had been dreamed away under the care of a father who encouraged his son's leanings towards the army, and gave him such preparation for it as is implied in the training to shoot and to ride. Those dreams of boyhood had surely come to ample fulfilment, and henceforth we have no grumbles from the young Commander of the Bath and future General as to the inactivities of the army, no need for truant hankerings after the career of the explorer.

The year 1879 found Butler at Natal as Staff Officer at the port of disembarkation of troops for the Zulu War. It fell to his lot during that campaign to issue the order to the soldiers of England to salute the coffin that bore the body of the sacrificed Prince Imperial—a strangely appropriate mandate from one who had loved France with an ardent love ever since the days of youthful intimacy with his father's neighbours, the Comte and Comtesse de Jarnac, at Thomastown Castle, near Cashel; and who had made the great Napoleon his hero of heroes, with what reason a book he hopes some day to publish will sufficiently show. After the Zulu War, in 1880, he stayed on duty in Durban for some time, and an old number of the *Natal Colonist* in 1880 had a paragraph announcing his departure which, in the light of recent events, has a fresh interest for the reader: "Within a day or two that gallant officer will have left our shores, probably to return no more. We part with Major Butler with sincere regret, and, wherever his lot is cast, we can assure him that the people of Natal will hear of his welfare with a keen personal interest." And so they heard of it, no doubt, when the command fell to Sir William Butler in Cape Colony, the neighbour of Natal, and when, after nine busy months of tenure of office, he felt it his duty to relinquish it.

The old service in Zululand was the occasion of Sir William's Lieutenant-Colonelcy and of one of those six or more clasps which, together with many mentions in despatches and a Distinguished Service reward, attest his gallantry. He was Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General in the Egyptian campaign that culminated in the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and, later on, was a Brigadier-General on the Staff in Egypt. The year 1882 saw him an Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, and his service in the Nile Expedition in 1885 resulted in his becoming a Knight Commander of the Bath. Staff appointments at Plymouth, at Alexandria, where he was in command, and at Aldershot, where he commanded a Brigade, and at Dover in command of the South-East District, kept Major-General Sir William Butler busily occupied with routine work, with manœuvres, with reorganisations of all sorts that could ensure the efficiency of the officers and the men under his charge. Not much time has he had for his favourite diversion, the writing of works of military history ("He could have written all my books," Mr Ruskin has said of him); but his biographies of Napier, of Colley, and Gordon are well known, and his "Campaign of the Cataracts" is the tale told vividly by an eye-witness of the failure of the River Column to reach Khartoum in time to deliver Gordon.

It was in the June of 1877 that Sir William Butler was married by Cardinal Manning to Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the battle-painter; so that those two right hands are united, not in wedlock only, but in the undying illustration, by different methods, of England's military renown.

THE CHINESE "TOMMY."

If the "open door" is to be anything more than a mere phrase, our latest regiment should be able to keep it from being shut; that is, if size and physique count for anything. The Chinese "Tommy" is a man of inches, and the standard height of the Wei-Hai-Wei Regiment is higher than that of the Brigade of Guards. Not only so, but he shows wonderful adaptability, and after three months' service, according to a *Times* correspondent, he is as efficient as his British comrade with thrice the service. When Prince Henry of Prussia recently visited Wei-Hai-Wei, the Chinese "Tommys" (or "Johnnies") who formed his Guard-of-Honour averaged six feet in height, and the Prince was so impressed that he sent two German officers from Kiaochau to study British methods. John Chinaman tucks his pigtail up under a turban, and looks very smart. He takes part with great delight in British games; but it must be confessed that cricket—from the sporting point of view—is not yet his strongest point, for no amount of persuasion will convince him that he should bowl at or round the wicket. His objective is the batsman, and if he can succeed in maiming the wielder of the willow his highest ambition is attained. Perhaps, in time, he may qualify for Surrey or Middlesex, and the "Lightning Chinese" may take the place of his more familiar synonym.



MISS ISABEL JAY AT HOME.

Miss Isabel Jay has been playing Josephine in "H.M.S. Pinafore," at the Savoy Theatre, during Miss Ruth Vincent's holiday. She scored a great success in the part, and gave evidence of undoubted talent. This very pretty picture of the talented young actress has been specially taken for "The Sketch" in Miss Jay's artistic home at Putney by Mr. Thomas, Cheapside, E.C.

"THE SKETCH" SPECIAL CHATS.

WITH DAN LENO.

Whether it was through hot haste to get back to the Halls after his holiday at Clacton-on-Sea, or because his clothes had got washed away by the sad sea-waves, the fact remains that when Dan Leno, brown and briny, stepped on to the stage of the London Pavilion the other night with a Baden towel over his arm and a bathing-dress alone separating him from the public (who would have had no need to be shocked, however, had they come from Upper Tooting, or even from foolish Felixstowe), a mighty welcome louder than the ocean's roar saluted him. Dan Leno was evidently in fine fettle, and he at once plunged into the story of his adventures, of which, however, he made Margate the scene, with an artfulness picked up, perhaps, when playing the detective from Scotland Yard.

He gave a screamingly funny account of his teaching a lady for a sovereign—a charge he reduced to five shillings—and he bewailed his ill-luck in not being awarded a medal by the Royal Humane Society after saving an old gentleman from a watery grave. "It was just a bit of red-tapeism," he declared with mock seriousness. Altogether, Dan quite eclipsed himself with his songs, his patter, and his pantomime, so that the crowded house cheered to the echo.

But I noticed an extra-special twinkle in his eye, and I was sure he had a reserve fund of fun and fakement which he could disclose if he liked, so I hied me to his dressing-room, and, following up the vein of his humour, I quizzingly accused him of going to Clacton for the mixed bathing in the hope of meeting "Mrs. Kelly", indeed, I went so far as to suggest that the lady to whom he had taught swimming was that redoubtable "She."

"Ah, there you're wrong," he replied, grinning from ear to ear; "quite wrong. No, it was not Mrs. Kelly; not but that—well, strictly between ourselves, mind, the party in question was a friend of Mrs. Kelly—yes, a very particular friend. Perhaps you would like to know how I made her acquaintance. It was this way. You see—no, of course, you couldn't see, but I saw, that she had cut her foot on a bottle——"

"What sort of a bottle was it, a soda-water bottle?" I queried.

"Never you mind! It wasn't a feeding-bottle, anyway. Well, somehow—I seemed to know the bottle—in fact, I'd got one just like it in my bathing-machine, d'ye see? So, as her broken bottle was like my full—well, let us say, half-full bottle, it made a sort of a kind of introduction, d'ye see? Nice place seaside, free and easy, no confounded etiquette! Now, mind you, I don't want Mrs. Kelly to hear about it, d'ye see? Not but what——"

"By the way, wasn't there some talk of your swimming a match with Marie Lloyd in the Lambeth Baths?"

"Talk, that's just it," he said, as he shook his finger at me. "Talk, sir, talk. Now, if only those people who talked had known anything about aquatics, and had had so much as a bowing acquaintance with the parties in question, they would have known that such a match was impossible; and why," he queried, putting his head on one side, "yes, why? I'll tell you. I can only swim in salt water, while Marie can only in fresh. Now you see, I hope."

"Then, I may take it that you went to Clacton only to recuperate?" I remarked, trying to mollify him.

"Wrong again! I did nothing of the sort. I went there to regenerate, to turn over a new leaf, to try and give up telling lies. Now, mark what I did. The very first thing I did was to buy a copy of *Truth* at the bookstall. Please make a note of that—a copy of *Truth*. Now, mark again. What did I do next? What was the next step in the process of regeneration? I'll tell you. I began by at once lying on the beach; such is the force of bad habits. Now, I'll ask, did you ever bask? Oh, it's not everyone who can bask properly. Funny word 'bask,' almost as funny as that silly 'egg.' Well, I basked, and basked, and basked, till I felt like a basket. Oh yes, it's a lovely sensation to

bask, with the donkeys at sixpence an hour walking backwards and forwards across your face, while the flies and the sandhoppers try all they know to soothe you to sleep! Oh, it's grand!"

"I've never been to Clacton; so tell me, is there a bold sea and a good sea-view?"

"Ha! ha! ha!—I beg your pardon, but you make me laugh—a bold sea, you ask? It's so bold that it would bring a blush to the face of the most forward old maid. Then, you ask, is there a sea-view? You surprise me," said he, taking a step backwards and planting his hands in the small of his back. "Isn't the name of Clacton enough for you? Can't you see the 'C' in front of you all the time? You can see the sea everywhere in Clacton, like the Tower of London, standing with your back to the refreshment-rooms. Oh yes, Clacton is full of refreshment-rooms, so it is scarcely like the Tower. It's a pity they can't amuse the sentry at the Tower with some mixed bathing, eh?"

"Well, how did you amuse yourself at Clacton? Did you go fishing?"

"Rather! I dote on fishing; that is, deep-fishing; it is a perfect hobby with me, but it must be deep; in fact, it can't be too deep. For instance, I love to fish in those deep, mysterious, fathomless pools amongst the rocks at low-water, where you sometimes meet the belated

crab and the ferocious anemone, and where you may watch blood-curdling hand-to-hand encounters between toothsome shrimps. Perhaps," continued Dan, taking me confidentially by the lapel of my coat, "you know the shrimp only in the brown garb of civilisation on the coster's barrow. But watch the shrimp on his native heath—I mean, in his marine retreat—see the intelligence of his startled eye on man's approach, and watch the agility of his peripatetic action. It is——" Mr. Leno here vainly sought his handkerchief, and I considerably turned my head away.

"Have I told you of the shooting invitation I got the other day?" he presently asked, evidently to change the subject. "My friend hasn't a very large estate—in fact, he has only a field; but he makes the most of it. He wanted me and two other friends to join him partridge-shooting, and on a novel plan. A keeper—he usually cleans the boots and knives—was to stand in the middle of the field and throw up partridges like pigeons are thrown up, while we sportsmen were to stand at the four corners of the field and blaze away go-as-you-please fashion."

"And you went?"

"No; I suddenly remembered that a man had made an appointment to pay me some money he owed—a situation still more novel than the partridge-shooting; but it all ended in feathers."

"By the way, you are a great cricketer, I believe; sort of rival of Prince Ranji?"

"Yes, of a sort; but, speaking as a musician, I should say that we played in different keys. You see, there are so many kinds of cricket. There is real cricket, and there's Cricket on the Hearth. Of course, that's a winter game; but give me the cricket we—that is to say, me and the errand-boy—used to have in the yard behind the Twentieth-Century Stores when the shutters were up. I was the batsman and the boy bowled. We had no ball, but we used eggs instead—the new-laid French variety, twenty a shilling and highly perfumed. When I hit those eggs you could hear them go 'pop' half-a-mile away, and oh, the odour!"

"Faugh! But what did the neighbours say?"

"Language! My goodness! I thought I could talk, but I found I knew only the alphabet of their language. It was no use. I told them they should be interested—that it was a test game to find how many bad eggs went to make up the score. I assured them the oval shape of an egg showed Nature intended it for cricket. But they told me my backyard was not Kennington Oval, and I might go to the d——."

Then, as I took my leave, I thought of those comical cricket-matches which Dan Leno and his colleagues are constantly giving in aid of charity, for, although Dan Leno has not inherited the fortune ascribed to him, his heart is one of gold and is a mine of inexhaustible generosity.

T. H. L.



[Photo by Langflet, Old Bond Street, W.]

MR. DAN LENO.

He feels rather chirpy over his recent legacy. He also has the tail of his eye on "Mrs. Kelly."



MR. DAN LENO,

KING OF THE MUSIC-HALLS, PRINCE OF STAGE COMEDIANS, AND A "PROFESSOR OF SWIMMING."

FROM A VERY RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PARISIAN STUDI., CLACTON-ON-SEA.

BEAUTIFUL BOULOGNE

Many adventurers, in real life as well as in fiction, have sought refuge from their pursuers in the harbour, in more senses than one, of Boulogne. In this, at any rate, they showed their discretion.

Boulogne has never been a dear place in which to live, and it is an excellent place for a halt, long or short, between London and Paris. The picturesque scoundrel of other days has disappeared, or, at any rate, hidden himself from public view, and Boulogne is now a thriving town at all times, and, in summer, the most delightful Continental resort within easy distance of England.

If it has not the garishness and ostentation of Ostend, it has a gaiety and an interest all its own. The sands are admirably adapted for bathers, who flock here throughout the season, and, thanks to their *chic* appearance, lend additional attraction to the panoramic scene furnished by the hotels and hills in the background. Hard by is the Casino, with the entrance to the harbour on the left, the sea in front, and, if you are of a retiring disposition, a pretty garden at the back.

There you may, at stated periods, foot it to your heart's content on the light fantastic toe. Listen to capitally rendered music, or enjoy a dramatic performance by some of the best artists from Paris. Coquelin, for instance, is a great favourite here, reversing the old adage regarding the prophet and the country, for the Coquelins are Boulognais to the backbone. The charms of the Casino would not be complete if there were no opportunity for gambling, which may be practised to any extent. For the ordinary visitor there is apparently endless attraction in the "Petits Chevaux," at which fascinating game he can—if he choose—lose as much money as his more exclusive neighbour in the "Salle de Baccarat."

But, if he tires of such a form of filling in time, he can take a tour around the lower part of the town—which is absurdly English in its constant invitations to "afternoon tea" and Scotch whisky—step into the fish-market and admire the pretty girls, or haggle with the more commercial dames for their wares. It is also interesting to watch the arrival of the fishing-boats, for fishing is one of the most important industries of Boulogne, herring, mackerel, cod, and lobster being the chief catches. The shops are plentiful, and have for the English visitor an attraction of their own, while the fruit-and-vegetable market is a study in itself.

If, however, you want to appreciate Boulogne at its proper value, you should take an electric-car—an expeditious, comfortable, and cleanly conveyance—to the old town on the top of the hill. It is rich in historic association, and it is restful to the eye—in both of which respects it differs from Ostend. It is entered by ancient gateways, and is enclosed with ramparts, built in the fifteenth century, which form a delightful walk, and from which a fine view of the surrounding country may be obtained.

The original town, it may be noted, was destroyed by the Normans in 822, but was restored in 912. Edward III. tried in vain to capture it in 1347, but Henry VIII. was more successful in 1544. The English, however, did not retain it for long, it being restored to France in the reign of Edward VI. In the old town are the Palais de Justice, the Château, the Cathedral, and the Hôtel de Ville—built in 1774—and not far off is a thirteenth-century belfry tower.

In the Château, now used as barracks, the Emperor Napoleon III. was confined in 1840, after his futile attempt to effect a landing. Beneath the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame—built, 1827-66, on the site of the old building which was destroyed during the Revolution—is the original crypt, to which visitors are admitted.

One of the most curious objects of interest in the neighbourhood of

Boulogne—to the English visitor, at any rate—is the Colonne de la Grande Armée, or Napoleon Column, erected on the high ground facing the sea in honour of Napoleon, on the occasion of the projected invasion of England, for which he here made enormous preparations. The pillar, one hundred and sixty-six feet high, is of the Doric order, and is surmounted by a statue, by Bosio, of the Emperor. Commenced in 1804, it was not finished until 1841. It forms an excellent landmark for the mariner by day.

In August, on the Sunday following the Feast of the Assumption, the processional pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Boulogne is—apart from all religious feeling—a sight as touching in its devotional spirit as it is enchanting to the eye. The legend of the shrine is this: In the Middle Ages, on a tempestuous winter's night, a boat was seen, close to the shore, surrounded by a halo of heavenly light and propelled by unseen hands, bearing a statue of the Blessed Virgin. For ages after the advent of this divine effigy, pilgrimages were made, from far and near, to the shrine, and, although the miraculous image has long since been

destroyed, the devotional feeling to which it gave rise still exists. A portion of the relic—the remnant of an arm—is still preserved, and the procession, which starts from the Church of Notre Dame and passes through the town, is carried out with all the pomp and pageantry for which the Catholics are celebrated. First come banners, and then acolytes carrying crosses, followed by bluejackets with a model of a ship; then little boys in blue carrying anchors; next, little girls dressed to typify angels; fisherwomen, veiled and in white, carrying crosses; then follow young women in picturesque native dress of crimson petticoats, many-hued silk shawls, and close-fitting muslin caps.

But August is over, alas! Still, one need not postpone a visit to Boulogne until next year on that account. For September is a splendid month in this resort, and, even though *La Marguerite* ceases running in a few days, we always have the South-Eastern Railway with us, and Folkestone is only twenty-eight miles from beautiful Boulogne—A. B.



A BOULOGNE MATELOTTE.



THE HARBOUR OF BOULOGNE: THE PALACE STEAMER COMPANY'S "LA MARGUERITE" LEAVING FOR MARGATE AND TILBURY.



THE SANDS AND CASINO, BOULOGNE.

THE DE FOREESTS, WHIRLWIND DANCERS
NOW RE-APPEARING AT THE PALACE THEATRE OF VARIETIES.

From Photographs by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



"THE DEGENERATES," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



THE LADY JOURNALIST (MISS LOTTIE VENNE) AND LADY SAMAUREZ (MISS LILY HANBURY).



DUKE OF ORME (MR. CHARLES HAWTREY) AND MRS. TREVELYAN (MRS. LANGTRY).



MRS. TREVELYAN (MRS. LANGTRY) AND HER DAUGHTER UNA (MISS LILY GRUNDY).

Mr. Sydney Grundy's much-talked-of comedy of Fast Society is drawing "All London" left in town to the Haymarket.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The late pronouncement of the Archbishops concerning points of ritual should make for peace; and so it seems to be acting now. For, after all, even the highest of High Churchmen must acknowledge that there is somebody somewhere whom he is bound to obey in matters not concerning the essentials of faith. If the clergyman does not regard the deliberate judgment of his Bishops and Archbishops, he is in the position of being his own Pope, with an infallibility very slightly tempered by the need of subscriptions to his charitable and church organisations. And, as a matter of fact, the greatest opposition to the Archbishops has come from influential laymen of hereditary position.

The advice given by Lord Halifax, in particular, is peculiar, and not altogether praiseworthy. It is such as might have been, and, in fact, has been, given by a pro-Boer newspaper here to Mr. Kruger. The priests who are told to give up incense and candles, or rather, the use of both in particular ways, are to yield, but "grudgingly and of necessity," merely because of "the present distress." By the way, what is the present distress? Mr. Kensit, or merely the probability that the Archbishops and Bishops might take steps to have their declaration carried out in practice. Translated from ecclesiastical verbiage into plain English, the advice means, "Give in, but be as nasty over it as you can." And, so interpreted, the recommendation is more than a little childish.

Some angry Ritualists have advocated resistance on the ground that the next step will be to command them, in the name of the Archbishops, to surrender some important doctrine of "the Catholic faith." Surely it will be time enough to be a martyr when there is something worth being martyred for. To resist beforehand is rather like the attitude of those older and more ignorant Boers, who are willing to let their foreign policy be subject to a British veto, and yet will go to war rather than own British suzerainty, whereas the veto on foreign treaties is the suzerainty.

It is a comfort that even the titled laymen, though more sacerdotal than the priests, have, in the main, yielded, however ungraciously. The policy of resistance to the bitter end, for the sake of burning incense, and of carrying lighted candles in a procession, would lead to Disestablishment and the founding of a new denomination—Congregationalist Ritualists. Now, the use of incense is not, and never has been, symbolical of any important doctrine. The practice was Pagan and Jewish long before it was Christian; hundreds of Christians went to the beasts rather than burn a little incense to Cæsar or the gods. Originally, the smoke of aromatic spices was intended to please a deity with a sweet savour, just as the steam of the sacrifices was to nourish him. Then, as religion became more spiritual, the incense was the symbol of prayer, as the victim was of self-surrender. But to split up a Church on such questions as the details of the use of incense and candles is like what Burke, and Matthew Arnold after him, called "the dissidence of Dissent"—the separatist feeling, happily dying out now, which has been known to make one chapel into two over the question of singing "Amen" after hymns.

The sectarian spirit is largely due to ignorance. People who know very few things, and those rather small things, are apt to consider that the world will come to an end if one of those few small things is doubted. Yet the world goes on, carrying those very people with it. The Nonconformists, among whom this distorted vision was once so common, who were once more ready to cause division on little differences than on large ones, have seen the error of their ways. They are treating their denominational differences rather as regimental badges in the same army than as hostile standards. The movement towards common action, even towards amalgamation, is too plain to be mistaken. It is no time for Churchmen to defy their Archbishops on an unimportant question.

For even the ecclesiastical mind, too often used to regarding little details of language or material ritual as of quite tremendous importance, can hardly maintain that "the censuring of persons and things" is worth causing a schism about. Obedience to the dictum of the Archbishops may not be a matter of religious duty; but it is required by expediency, and also by good-breeding. It is not wise to challenge a conflict on a detail which has never been regarded by any Church as important; and if a practice gives offence to merely a few honest worshippers, it does far more harm thereby than it can give edification to those who approve of it. The weak and easily offended brother is often a tyrannous nuisance; but in non-essentials it is well to humour him. Nobody is likely to be shocked by the absence of incense or candles; their presence will certainly cause some to stumble, and will only vaguely and slightly enhance the devotion of the rest.

It may, perhaps, be no uncharitable judgment if we conclude that the present dispute is not really very serious, and springs from the craving for self-advertisement which possesses even very worthy people. That young peers in particular, chafing under the dignified impotence of the House of Lords, should wish to come to the front is very natural; and if they are not soldiers, and do not want to turn Radical, the easiest way to prominence is by ecclesiastical zeal. But the questions debated now are not sufficiently weighty for glory. The greatest Lord Halifax was, indeed, famous as a Trimmer, but not as a trimmer of candles. MARMITON.

VIEWS ON NORWAY.

In England it had been the summer of our discontent, and, when the hot winds blew across from the Equator, we had sailed beyond the fitful turbulence of the North Sea, to lie beneath the shadows of the Norwegian Alps, fanned by the comforting and cooling winds from the glaciers of those Northern heights, and consoled by the period of gentle idleness which awaited us within the peace and beauty of the Western fjords. Yet for two days after our arrival the mountain mists endured, and ever and anon during those rain-drenched hours had we culled balm from the words of the local prophets—that upon the morrow there would indeed come the sunshine.

Upon the morrow the picture would be revealed in all its natural glory, and the spot would be lighted by the silver radiances which spring from the clear sparkle of the waters of the fjord. The placid water of the fjord, stirred by the most gentle of mountain breezes and presenting in itself a sea of colour, would be before us, reflecting in the mystery of its depth the majesty of the mountain scenery. How beautiful the picture, how pure and lofty in conception, and how ideally realised—but upon the morrow! So we dallied, looking into the future with a zest and hope, eager to catch some glimpse of the Hardanger, with its attendant circle of mountain-peaks and northern vegetation.

Owing to the sudden descent of the mountains upon the west coast, the streams on that side of the peninsula have the character of torrents, a fact which gives to those who know the country only through its fjords the impression that Norway is a land of immense waterfalls and mountain-peaks. The mountain-slopes of the Hardanger and Sognefjord present a constant series of these glacial streams coursing down their facings, and, although scenery which so invariably repeats its main features—as is the case with that which is contiguous upon the fjords—becomes monotonous in the end, the effect at first is one of pleasure and replete with interest.

The mountains vary in formation, in height, and in the amount of vegetation which they bear. In this respect the fjords exhibit less regularity, while the outlines of the grey rocks against the lines of the green foliage produce a unique harmony. Many are masses of rock, ragged and unadorned by trees or bushes, and remarkable for the picturesqueness of their form. Some few are within the regions of perpetual snow, while others border upon glaciers or rich and fertile valleys.

The climate of the west coast is mild, and it is uniformly severe and inclement only among the central mountains of the east coast. The season is short, and, beginning late, in many places it is usually at an end before the second week in September. This brief interval which Providence has given to the peasants is in no sense sufficient for the needs of the people. The Norwegian peasant depends so much upon the few weeks of his summer that the economy of his life appears to be concentrated upon it. His cattle and sheep are sent into the mountains for thirteen weeks to obtain some benefit from the summer pastures; the hay, fodder, and fuel for the winter are gathered from the nooks and crannies of the more sheltered parts of the mountains for storage, the barley and wheat are cropped, and in odd moments he attends to the demands of the tourist.

Bergen, among Norwegian towns, is as interesting as many. It is old and picturesque, but, in general aspect, somewhat modern, since no small portion of it has been rebuilt, owing to its repeated destruction by fire. The quarters adjoining the harbour alone retain a characteristic mediæval appearance. The town, originally confined to the base and sides of the mountains which rise in the background, has since spread round the harbour, in its growing dignity paying a tribute to its expanding trade and increased prosperity.

The older houses are timber-built and painted white, such custom striking a pretty and pleasing contrast with the bright-red tiles with which many have been roofed. Its situation is quaint and peaceful. Upon all sides it is surrounded by the soft shades of the spring-green grass of the hillside, with the darker tints of the mountain growths which are swept by the ocean breezes. For centuries its people have gone down to the sea in ships, and about it there is that curious, half-dreamy, half-hopeless air which seems to be the especial property of a fishing centre. Fish has always been the staple commodity of Bergen.

But, at the present time, it has lost its commercial supremacy, and although in the seventeenth century its trade exceeded that of Copenhagen, and at the beginning of the nineteenth century it was more populous than Christiania, it now carries only 16 per cent. of the whole trade of the country. For its earlier commercial superiority Bergen was indebted to the Hansatic League, the merchants compelling the Northern fishermen to send their fish to its markets, while even now the greater part still flows through its old channels. In May and June occurs the season which marks the return of the cod-fishers—that moment when the boats come in laden to their utmost with cod-liver oil.

In July and August the boats bring catches of a different class. The trade is almost wholly one of fishing, and the annual export of fish is valued at twenty million kroner. The streets are in strange contrast to the buildings of the town, even to the habits and appearance of the people. There is the constant rattle and dash of the electric tramcar, the noise of traffic in the market, some appearance of traffic in the streets; but the spirit of the place seems crushed, despite the fact that its inhabitants are more vivacious than those of other parts of Norway. Its history has been one of war and bloodshed, and many stirring scenes have been enacted within its walls, some of the greatest battles of the Civil Wars having been contested there.

J. A. H.

VIEWS OF NORWAY

From Photographs by Skeien, Christiania



BERGEN.



THE HARDANGER FJORD.



MR. C. B. FRY, THE GREATEST ALL-ROUND ATHLETE OF THE AGE.

He was a tri-colour blue at Oxford, plays regularly for the Corinthian Football Team, held for some time the Long-jump Championship of the World, helps to win matches for Sussex every year, and played in all the Test Matches this season against the Australians. His average for this season up to date is 43.44. He is also a brilliant writer on athletic topics. This photograph is by Russell and Sons, Southsea.



K. S. RANJITSINHJI, THE FINEST BATSMAN IN THE WORLD.

He has just achieved the unique feat of making over Three Thousand Runs in one season. He has played more first-class innings this year than any other batsman, and comes out with the wonderful average of 64.46. Now he is taking a team to Philadelphia to teach them cricket across the water. Bravo, Ranj, and good luck! This photograph is by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

"THE ELIXIR OF YOUTH," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

"The Elixir of Youth," which Messrs. George R. Sims and Leonard Merrick have cleverly adapted from the German farcical comedy, "Bockspruenge," by Herren Hirschberger and Kraatz, in addition to



MISS HELEN PALGRAVE, WHO PLAYS MRS. GREENSLADE.
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

being full of lively situations and smart lines, contains a larger proportion of fascinating ladies to funny men than has been seen at this long-popular house ever since the Signori Gatti started running it and erected their vast electric-light-supplying emporium hard by. The ladies concerned in the above-mentioned droll representation of the effects of a Second Youth bestowed upon a Gay Old Dog by the supposed elixir aforesaid are eight in number, and all of a lively as well as lovely type, as will be gathered from certain attractive photographs thereof presented in this issue of *The Sketch*.

One of the leading ladies is the handsome and dashing Miss Ellis Jeffreys, who, from playing the smallest possible parts in pantomime and suchlike irresponsible stage works, has in a few years risen to a very exalted high-comedy status at Terry's, the Criterion, and the Vaudeville. Miss Jeffreys, who is one of the most earnest workers our stage possesses, enacts the saucy dancer, Cora Carrington, in "The Elixir of Youth," and extracts from the part "every ounce" (as actors say) of histrionic possibility.

Miss Juliette Nesville, who impersonates the imperious dancer's French maid, has, of course, had considerable experience in such characters with Mr. George Edwardes in "A Gaiety Girl," "An Artist's Model," "The Geisha," and so forth; and has thereby long established her claim to be one of the brightest and most piquante soubrettes now before the London public. Miss Nesville's personal charm and sly humour are of high value in such pieces as that just produced at the Vaudeville.

Miss Millie Legarde and Miss Lilius Earle, two of the prettiest damsels now on the stage, have both already done good service at the Vaudeville, particularly in "On and Off," in which gay play each played at different times the apparently pert but really prim Winking Girl, whose slight but easily misunderstood nervous affection of the dexter eyelid caused such wholesale "mashing" and distressing domestic chaos.

The London experiences of Miss Earle have principally been confined to the part of this Winsome Winker; but Miss Legarde had already charmed London playgoers as a "principal boy" and a ditto girl, first at the Grand, Fulham, and subsequently in Mr. Oscar Barrett's picturesquely mounted pantomime at the Adelphi last Christmas. Miss Legarde represents in the new Vaudeville play the perplexed wife, Mena Wingrove, and Miss Lilius Earle impersonates the

saucy maid-servant, who, like the "chambermaid" in the old-time farce "Stage-Struck," is named Poplin.

Miss Helen Palgrave (the Mrs. Greenslade in "The Elixir of Youth") has long been a favourite with London and provincial playgoers in such pieces as Mr. Brandon Thomas's "Charley's Aunt," Mr. J. H. Darnley's "Mrs. Dexter," and so forth. Misses Evelyn Harrison and Vera Gerald (as two ladies from the Alhambra) and pretty Miss Lucie Milner (as Florrie Greenslade) lend much attraction to this lengthy feminine cast.

One of the principal and most successful ladies in "The Elixir of Youth" is Miss Florence Wood (Mrs. Ralph Lumley), who, as the worried young Mrs. Wingrove's mother, adds markedly to the long list of successes she has achieved at the Court, Toole's, and Drury Lane. Indeed, Miss Wood more than ever proves herself a worthy daughter of that fine comedian, Mrs. John Wood, whose place she so often and so ably filled in recent Drury Lane dramas.

The new Vaudeville play is also very strong in male comedians of a highly artistic type, such as Mr. George Giddens (who, in addition to playing the cunning Greenslade, has cleverly "produced" the piece); Mr. Edward Ferris, as the harassed husband, Wingrove; Mr. Oswald Yorke, as the actor, Frank Featherley; Mr. Frank Atherley, as the artist, Newlyn; Mr. H. Doughty, as the choreographic Cora's fiancé; Mr. G. M. Slater, who represents his namesake, the manager of the Alhambra; Mr. Dudley Clinton, as a Jewish picture-dealer; the always quaint Mr. Fred Eastman, as Maroldi, an upholsterer; and that clever comedian, Mr. George Arliss (author of "The Wild Rabbit"), as Jeffreys. In short, "The Elixir of Youth" is administered by the Gattis with every care and with considerable cost.

A FORTUNATE YOUNG LADY.

Miss Ruth Vincent, the charming young lady who for some time past has been playing the heroine at the Savoy Theatre, is a member of a family who, like the Jarndyces of "Bleak House," possess an ancient Chancery suit. Unlike that in Dickens's immortal suit, however, the property in which Miss Vincent has an interest has not been altogether frittered away in law—indeed, there are, I am assured, a good many millions sterling still remaining, and these, within the next few months, are to be divided. The Savoy prima-donna's stage-name is only a part of her patronymic in real life, her family being, I believe, a very old one in the Eastern counties. With her appearance, her voice, and her



MISS MILLIE LEGARDE, WHO PLAYS MENA.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

position on the lyric stage, Miss Ruth Vincent may well be regarded as a very fortunate young lady; but if a private fortune of half-a-million or so is to be added to these other gifts of Providence, she must be considered as quite an exceptional example of good-luck.

INGREDIENTS IN THE VAUDEVILLE "ELIXIR OF YOUTH."



MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS, WHO PLAYS CORA CARRINGTON.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



MISS JULIETTE NESVILLE, WHO PLAYS SUZETTE.

Photo by Stebbing, Paris



MISS MILNER, WHO PLAYS FLORRY GREENSLADE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.



MISS LILIAS N. EARLE, WHO PLAYS POPLIN.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

"WITH FLYING COLOURS," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



Mr. Harry Nicholls (as the screamingly funny bank-messenger and amateur journalist) endures all—even tight trousers—for love's sweet sake, whilst his intended (Miss Florence Lloyd) sits by in mute admiration.



Here the happy pair have been married just a year, and the funny-man is now trying to show the mothers in the audience how to soothe a baby.



Mr. Robert Pateman (as the fraudulent bank-manager fleeing from justice) takes leave of his wife whom he adores (magnificently played by Mrs. Cecil Raleigh) and for whose sake he has robbed the bank.



Miss Mariette Hyde (who touches all hearts as the burglar's wife) visits her husband the burglar (Mr. Hardie), in the convict prison, and vainly pleads for a word of love.

"WITH FLYING COLOURS," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



Master Charles Sefton (as the precocious midshipmate) makes the running very strong with the bank-manager's wife (Mrs. Cecil Raleigh), while the heroine (Miss Suzanne Sheldon) and her host of admirers look on in amusement.



Mr. Robert Pateman (as the bank-manager "doing time" for fraud) tries to get at his wife, who comes to tell him that she has been faithless to him.



HOW OUR AMERICAN COUSINS BATHE: DIVING-PLATFORM, CONEY ISLAND.

Coney Island is essentially a "free-and-easy" seaside resort. Here the Bowery Boy takes his best girl, and is sometimes, as on this occasion, snapshotted by Byron, of New York.



HERO AND LEANDER UP-TO-DATE.

This is a typical bathing scene on Staten Island. The place is Midland Beach, on New York Bay. Staten Island is directly opposite the Battery, and is a summer resort for the better-class New Yorkers. This photograph is by Byron, of New York.



MISS HILDA MOODY IN "A GAIETY GIRL."

She sang and played very sweetly, delighting the audience by her simple manner and unaffected style. This charming photograph of Miss Moody is by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A BOTTLED PROPOSAL.

BY ARTHUR T. PASK.

Nine o'clock! A good steaming-hot morning in the City Threadneedle Street chock-full of hurrying clerks. Yet, if the nose be held tight between the fingers, the busy scene might be enjoyed.

London makes its toilette later than any other city. More shame to it! But yet on this particular morning romance was not in the least wanting. Someone was saying—

"My dear Rose, of course I mean all what's straight. How could anyone do otherwise, my dear little woman?"

The young man who thus spake was a well-groomed creature, with a somewhat assertive air of gloves, ties, and gardenia in button-hole. The gloss on his hat would have more than passed muster in Capel Court. His spats were not unworthy of Kempton Park. His stick was a triumph of hooked poetry, and would have shed a lustre on the Promenade des Anglais in the height of the Riviera season. Yet, despite all this, there was an over-smartness both morally as well as physically which was not by any means agreeable. His eyes were shifty and his mouth was hard.

The girl he was speaking to? Typewriter of the highest order personified.

It was fairly evident that she spent every sixpence of her earnings on her back. Her frock was tailor-made, her umbrella was silver-handled, her watch was braceleted on her wrist. Sherlock Holmes would have noted that under her trimly fitting gloves she wore heavy rings. Sherlock Holmes would have said—

"Silver-handled umbrella, watch, rings, tailor-made, &c.: I think we can safely deduce a young lady who might be seen o' week-ends on the King's Road, Brighton, on the Fort at Margate, or much in evidence at Boulter's Lock."

The miraculous investigator would have been quite in the wrong.

Miss Rose Johnson's favourite vehicle was the Gig of Respectability. She prided herself on driving none other whatsoever. As her excellent mamma would daintily express it—

"My gal knows how to enjoy herself, but she knows how to take care of herself."

So Miss Rose Johnson's Gig of Respectability was a Hansom's Patent Safety.

So she evidently meant it to be understood as the tale of love was being told into her shapely ear this steaming-hot morning by the dustbins of Threadneedle Street.

"Rose," again said the young man, who was walking beside her with his glove touching her elbow, "Rose, how can you doubt me?"

"If you wanted to marry me," she answered, "couldn't you have written and said so?"—and, perhaps imperceptibly even to herself, there was a faint lowering of the dexter eyelid. "But, then, you're a lawyer, Mr. Sterrimer, and lawyers are not over-rash at putting pen to paper."

"What a prosaic little darling you are! Haven't I publicly shown you every attention?"

"Yes, you gave me watch, ring, umbrella, before my cousins. Watch at Richmond; ring at Box Hill, in the Burford Bridge Gardens; umbrella at the Holborn, when you stood that dinner to Maude and me before we had the box at the Tivoli. But I'm busy now, and have got to turn in. Ta-ta! Perhaps you will be round in the afternoon."

"Good-bye, darling"—and the young solicitor, for such he was, spoke in as dulcet tones as if he were asking a taxing-clerk in Chancery Chambers not to knock off too many letters. But when the girl had tripped away up the stone steps of her office, a somewhat serious look shaded his face.

"Think I'm going a bit too far. Meeting the Ma was rather stupid. I don't think I gave myself away much before the girls. But how nice she is, and how nicely she does manage to take care of her dear little self! Too risky, though, J. Laurence Sterrimer, Esq. Fellers who are rising professional men don't want to marry typewriters. Besides, you stand a chance of getting Louisa Rosenbaum. And five thousand shining golden beans, dear boy, make a good lift for a good start."

He was, you see, a careful young man, who well knew how to take care of himself. If he patronised a music-hall matinée—and he loved to do so if supplied with the gratuitous order—he never seltzer-and-whiskied it in immoderation. His betting transactions were few and far between, yet fortunate. The "Juggins," as he loved to think, was a man after his own heart; that is, he would not succeed in being after his own pocket. He was the sort of young man who kept a cigar-case for himself and a cigarette ditto for his friends. In his profession as a solicitor he was curiously smart. He could snap a judgment or hold his own amidst any of the denizens of the Bear Garden in the Royal Courts of Justice.

Yet, for all that, such is the force of love, vanity, inclination, or what not, that that very self-same afternoon he found himself seated alone with Miss Rose Johnson in the room where she worked.

Very sweet and nice indeed was the City damsel. There was even a special sparkle in her eye that J. Laurence Sterrimer, Esq., imagined to betoken her Love's very best, double-barrelled welcome. There was a

sparrow on the window-ledge, and the sun glinted on the brass coal-scuttle. It was almost too idyllic. Why, even on the side-table there was a huge bouquet of rich carmine roses. The scent of the flowers made the hot air almost offensively close.

As usual, the youth told his tale of love. The maid did not appear to be immoderately coy.

"And do you mean to marry me?" asked sweet Rose. "If I am so ugly"—she smiled coquettishly—"you can shut your eyes as you make your proposal again. Will you say, as you did before, 'Dear Rose, I love you for your beauty and virtue. Be my wife, darling! I should glory in your love, and glory to make it known to all the world.' Shut your eyes, sir, and you shall smell these lovely roses to inspire you, and make you think of your own dear Rose."

J. Laurence Sterrimer, Esq., looked about him. There were no witnesses. No one behind the screen; nobody at the keyhole. The room was double-doored, green baize and heavy oak. Inspired by Love and the bouquet of roses placed against his somewhat Hebraic proboscis, he said with manly distinctness—

"Dear Rose, I love you for your beauty and virtue. Be my wife, darling! I should glory in your love, and glory to make it known to all the world."

The young man opened his eyes. The girl had laid the bouquet of roses on the side-table. He clasped her to his heart.

Three weeks afterwards, Mr. J. Laurence Sterrimer was eyeing two letters which lay beside him on his breakfast-table. The one ran—

14, Colgrove Road, Camden Town, N.W., 7-9-99.

MY DARLING JOHNNIE,—Why this cruel, cruel silence? Why should your poor Rose have thus to humble herself?—Your ever, if cruelly treated, loving and faithful

Rose.

No. 2 letter was—

SIR,—Your treatment of my daughter is that of a coward, and no gentleman. If you think that you can thus trample on the honour of a respectable family and do so with impunity, you are much mistaken.—Your obedient servant,

ISABELLA JOHNSON.

Mr. Sterrimer laughed, and helped himself to sardines.

"Fancy having that shrimp-eating old harridan for a ma-in-law! Not for J. L. S., my dear boys! My letters may have been a bit strong, and my general lovy-dovyness rather open, but there's no B.-of-P. case to be made out of me."

Alas! not even young solicitors of a partially Semitic origin can control the vagaries of a frolicsome Fate. One afternoon the week following, while he was smiling sweetly at the healthful tone of his bank-book, the clerk of a hated rival was shown in to him. The youth in question was struggling to suppress a smile.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Sterrimer," he said, in a kind of half-choked voice. He handed the solicitor a familiar-looking document. Oh, to think that he should have been served—

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE,
QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION

1899. J. No....

ROSE JOHNSON, *Plaintiff*,

v.

JOHN LAURENCE STERRIMER, *Defendant*.

And to think that this document should be endorsed with—

The Plaintiff's Claim is for Damages for Breach of Promise of Marriage.

"Impudence!" shrieked the writtten one. "There can be no evidence."

There he was doomed to be mistaken. The trial came on, and the Court was packed with those good-natured friends who find the keenest delight in the miseries of Jonathan and Pythias.

The evidence given by the plaintiff and three young typewriters was of a most startling character.

Three bonny, bright-eyed young City sylphs had each the self-same tale to coo forth.

If we quote Jane Robinson we quote the other two.

This is what Jane Robinson said when in the box.

Jane Robinson (called). "Our telephone is in direct connection with Snooks and Beilby's, where Miss Johnson is employed. I also know Mr. Sterrimer's voice as coming through the telephone quite well. On the 30th of August, at the request of Miss Johnson, I stood by our telephone at half-past three p.m. precisely. I can recognise the defendant's voice through a telephone quite distinctly. I heard him say, 'Dear Rose, I love you for your beauty and virtue. Be my wife, darling! I should glory in your love, and glory to make it known to all the world.'"

Further examined, the witness continued, "I took it down in shorthand. We have also Ibersen's new phono in our office, and the words

THE FIVE SENSES



No. V.—FEELING.

were transmitted into it direct from the telephone. No, there could be no mistake whatever as to its being Mr. Sterrimer's voice. Yes, Miss Johnson did tell me what she has already stated in her evidence: that she concealed the end of her receiver in a bouquet of roses, and that Mr. Sterrimer had spoken into it—that she had meant him to do so, as he was always making proposals of marriage when no witnesses were by."

When the last of the three typewriting witnesses had finished, Phineas Buzfuz, Q.C., opened a large wooden case.

"This," said that learned counsel for the plaintiff, "is one of the famous phonos, with all the latest improvements of the great American inventor Ibersen. With your lordship's permission, and to make use of a somewhat vulgar phrase, I shall now proceed to turn on the tap."

The Court listened in breathless expectation. Out came the undoubted tones of Mr. Sterrimer, uttered in mysterious falsetto-forte whispers—

"Dear Rose, I love you for your beauty. . . ."

The rest was almost drowned in laughter, in which even the learned Judge himself took part.

The laughter had only for a few seconds subsided when Mr. Buzfuz treated the Court to yet another surprise. A large frame, six feet by two, draped in linen, was held up in front of the jury by the plaintiff's solicitor's "outdoor common law." The covering was raised. Horror for the defendant! Yes, naught else but a most splendid Cherony's photo enlargement of the defendant clasping the plaintiff to his bosom.

"My lord," said the learned counsel, "this is the age of science. By the aid of a Kodak, concealed in a cigar-case on the mantelshelf, provided with a lengthened tube, of which the pneumatic ball was placed on the floor beneath a sheet of newspaper, and touched by the fairy foot of my fascinating client, the condition of the defendant's feelings and treatment of the lady are here clearly depicted. Allow me to state that it was only out of regard for the shrinking modesty of this ill-treated young lady that this evidence was not produced by microscope."

When order had been restored, the excellent Buzfuz, Q.C., was to be seen in affable consultation with the opposing counsel.

"Your lordship," said he, "may we request an adjournment with a view to a possibly amicable settlement?"

"It would certainly be in the interest of both parties," said his lordship, smiling sweetly.

That little settlement cost Mr. Sterrimer the small sum of £500 sterling, exclusive of costs. Still, Fate showed some little kindness to him. He happened to hold £5000 worth of shares in the Ibersen's Phonograph, Limited. The advertisement caused by the display in open Court was so good that the shares went up like Mr. Brock's Thursday-night rockets. So he lost nothing in particular after all.

As to Miss Rose Johnson? She invested her £500 in running a private money-lending show for the benefit, or the contrary, of smart typewriters. She is an up-to-date young woman, and Lord Mayor's Courts her former bosom-friends with cheery alacrity.

A RAY OF SUNSHINE IN A DARK LAND.

The Sketch cheers the loneliness of the exiled in Old Calabar. I have received from Mr. James M. Hennessy, Acting Superintendent of the Marine Department of the Niger Coast Protectorate, this photograph, which shows how they met in the festive season to drown their dull African care in Spaten Lager Beer and *The Sketch*. It is an encouragement to know that *The Sketch* is a little ray of sunshine in a dark land.



ENGLISH OFFICERS ENJOY "THE SKETCH" AT OLD CALABAR.

SOUTH SEA HOUSE.

"Creaking doors hang long," and though Baltic House, the scene of the great South Sea swindle, has been sold to the British Linen Company, which will in due course erect on the site a magnificent warehouse, the



SOUTH SEA HOUSE, AT THE CORNER OF THREADNEEDLE STREET AND BISHOPSGATE STREET.—A "SKETCH" SNAPSHOT.

premises will not come into their possession until about this time next year. Then South Sea House—for so one part of it is still called, that portion which is let out as offices—will be no more, and the Baltic Company, which has had its local habitation there and its name inscribed in large letters over the portals since 1856, will move to fresh fields and pastures new, if haply the bricks and mortar of the City may be thus rurally described. Whither it will go, with the thirteen hundred and odd members who belong to it, it is impossible to say at present, because, even if it is known, it is not supposed to be. Wherever the new place is, it will have to be large, for the seven thousand feet of floor-space which the present House affords is inconveniently crowded on busy days. The House, which is at the far end of Threadneedle Street from the Bank of England, was built in 1722, and consists of three floors, which are arranged around three sides of a parallelogram, the fourth forming the roof over the large floor, which is distinguished by the many columns in the room. These cut up and obstruct sound to such an extent that in the hubbub of business—and it is a Babel in miniature—the voice of the man calling the names of members who are wanted is not always distinctly heard. The result of this is that he has been furnished with a megaphone, and Baltic House is practically unique in the City in this possession. The floor is still cut up on one side by wonderful mahogany "boxes," like those to be seen in some of the old eating-houses. They are, no doubt, remnants of the distant past, and formed part of the furniture when members used to be allowed to eat their chop in the middle of the day just off the great trading-room.

The South Sea Company, which gave its name to the House, owed its origin to the Earl of Oxford, and was established in 1711 for the purpose of restoring public credit and for providing for the extinction of the National Debt, which at that time was only £10,000,000. In 1720, the Company proposed, on certain conditions, to take over the whole of the National Debt, which had in the meantime amounted to over £30,000,000 sterling.

During the passage of the necessary Bill to enable this to be done, the Stock went up amazingly, but with violent fluctuations—thus, on April 7 the £100 shares were quoted at £350, next day they were £290. On May 28 they had risen to £550, on June 1 to £890; but on June 3 they had fallen £250, and were quoted at £640, while by the afternoon of the same day they stood at £750. Early in August they were quoted at £1000, but on September 12 they were down to £400. Then the panic came, followed by widespread ruin and by investigations which resulted in the imprisonment of many well-known people, including the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was not only expelled the House, but incarcerated in the Tower.



STREET-SINGER (*pursuing his vocation*): "No one's gwine to kiss dat gal but me!"



BUDDHA RABDANOFF, INTERPRETER.

THE KHANBO-LAMA AGOUAN DORDJI.

The Khanbo-Lama Agouan Dordji, accompanied by Buddha Rabdanoff as interpreter, has paid his first flying visit to England, having spent two days in London in order to see what treasures, in the way of Buddhist shrines, &c., our museums possessed. The Khanbo-Lama is a Lharamba (D.D.) from Lhassa, and a special favourite of the Dalai-Lama, or Gyelva Rimpotche, "the glorious King," who is the spiritual head not only of Tibet, but of a great part of Eastern Asia given over to the worship of Buddha. Agouan Dordji is the first

up to the altar of the "Mandala of the Universe." His short trip to London included a visit to the Empire.

The Khanbo-Lama is a "Yellow Cap"—Yellow-Capism being a sort of revised version of Tibetan Buddhism, which owes its origin to Tsong-Kapa, who flourished in the fourteenth century. This reformer naturally met with violent opposition from the "Red Caps" (adherents to the old forms), but his reputation for sanctity gained him many followers, and the "Yellow Caps" soon became the more important and the more powerful of the Tibetan Buddhists. The Lamastery at Lhassa consists of numerous huts built around a temple; in these huts dwell the Lamas, each one providing his own food. As many of them earn a good deal either by teaching, tending the sick, exorcising demons, or interceding for departing souls, their "daily bread" is hardly what we are wont to associate with monastic life.

A curious form of penance prevalent among the Lamas is the turning of a prayer-wheel. This devotional machine resembles a barrel, which moves upon an axis, and is inscribed with prayers. The penitent sinner sets the wheel going, and, while it turns prayers for his benefit, he is free to pursue any occupation he may desire. Their commonest rosary prayer, which must be repeated many times running, is the "Mani," consisting of six syllables, "Om Mani Padmé Houm" (Oh, the gem in the lotus! Amen!). According to the Lamas, a man's whole lifetime is insufficient to measure the depth and extent of the doctrine contained in these marvellous words. Roughly speaking, it means, "Oh, that I may attain perfection, and be absorbed in Buddha! Amen!"

Lama who has been allowed to leave the Lamastery of Lhassa and travel about. It is undoubtedly owing to his superior intelligence and wonderful tact that the choice fell upon him when the Dalai-Lama felt that existing circumstances and a possible future in which China might need support from outside her own territory necessitated finding out how other nations regarded Lamaism and Lamas. Agouan Dordji visited St. Petersburg last year for the first time to intercede with the Russian Government for the right of liberty of worship among the Buddhists subject to Russian rule. He was most graciously received by the Czar, and permission was granted him to visit the various Buddhist communities and inform them they were free to observe their religious rites and ceremonies.

Agouan Dordji also visited Paris, where he held a Buddhist service in the Musée Guimet—delightful as a feast for the eyes, but somewhat complicated and unconvincing as a religious ceremony to the uninitiated. This special service was an invocation to Cakya-Mouni and the Buddhas, imploring them to inspire all human beings with universal goodwill and mercy.

Journeying in foreign parts evidently pleased the enterprising Lama, for this summer he returned to Paris to order sacramental steel cups, seven of which, filled with water, are placed on the second step leading



THE KHANBO-LAMA AGOUAN DORDJI.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

The ladies nowadays in not a few cases visit the theatre as if our actresses were walking fashion-plates; and it was natural that, on the production by Mrs. Langtry of "The Degenerates," a great deal of the



MRS. LEWIS WALLER, NOW ON TOUR WITH MR. J. B. FAGAN'S NEW PLAY, "THE REBELS."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

entr'acte gossip was about the gowns and the question what light the creations of Jean Worth would throw upon the coming modes. As a mere woman (writes a fair correspondent of *The Sketch*), I have much pleasure in calling attention to the graceful costumes designed by the great modiste, and mirrored in some degree in the photographs on another page. They are worthy the firm of Alfred Ellis and Walery, and perhaps praise can hardly go further. Mrs. Langtry rang the changes on white, which is not, perhaps, extraordinary in the case of a bride. Her most successful effort was in the second act, when she wore a heavy white broché tunic over a foam of white and silver tulle, the white relieved by a

gorgeous necklet of turquoise and diamonds, whilst the delightfully décolletée bodice was held up by narrow straps of turquoise and diamonds which matched the girdle that defined the waist. The blue was repeated in the simple girlish dress worn by Miss Lily Grundy, who took the part of the sixteen-year-old daughter. Mrs. Langtry's wrap of cerulean-blue velvet, heavily trimmed with cream lace and lined with mauve chiffon, excited more admiration than envy in the hearts of those who fanned themselves vigorously on the broiling first-night. Miss Lily Hanbury's most notable costumes were, first, the one worn in the opening act, composed of a tunic heavily embroidered in jet, and very clinging, with a long trailing under-skirt of black tulle. Folds of pink chiffon crossed the bosom and shoulders of the superb Lily. Her next gown was of beautiful creamy point-de-Venise over an under-gown of varied orange silk. A narrow ribbon of black velvet encircled the waist, and a *chic* hat, azure-blue in colour, with a high crown and black plumes, gave a pretty note to a charming ensemble.

The forthcoming production of Mr. Sydney Grundy's "Black Tulip" reminds one of the fact that in 1880 the late librarian of the Shakspeare Memorial, who still resides in Stratford, and passed several years of his early life on the stage—as actor and dramatist—dramatised Dumas' novel with the same variations that, we are told, have been adopted by Mr. Sydney Grundy. It would be odd to find two versions of the "Tulipe Noire" attracting audiences to two rival playhouses at the same time; and, as Mr. Wall is willing to dispose of his copyright, such a thing is not unlikely to be brought about.

The very latest Irish play in London, namely, "The Rebels," written by Mr. J. B. Fagan, and recently produced by Mrs. Lewis Waller at the Métropole, Camberwell, has been found of sufficient strength to travel "on the road," as the phrase now runs. This week it has migrated to the Grand Theatre, Islington, where it has followed Mr. George Alexander, who for his second week's suburban booking presented Mr. Edward Rose's Wars-of-the-Roses drama, "In Days of Old," the combats and other alarms and excursions of which have much delighted the Merrie Islingtonians.

Certain details, pictorial and paragraphic, were given in our last concerning "The Rebels," which is also the title, by the way, of another drama produced in the suburbs some four, or, perchance, five, years ago. It is enough now to say that Mr. Fagan, although not indulging in the rollicking humour and quaint characterisation which the late Dion Boucicault always took care to introduce into Hibernian drama—whether dealing with the Rebellion or otherwise—yet has provided many a powerful situation and many a pathetic outburst. One thing to be especially thankful for is that the new Irish dramatist writes good English—a matter not always largely discoverable in his English brethren of the play-building persuasion. The hereinbefore indicated strong situations include a volcanic pistol-duel, in which the heroine's impulsive brother is ruthlessly shot dead by a villainous Redcoat who wears a secret coat-of-mail beneath his tunic; the arrest by the said Redcoat of the hero—the dead lad's avenger—at the very moment that he is engaged in being married; the hero's confinement in Kilmainham Prison; his escape therefrom by disguising himself as a corpse (like

Edmond Dantés, afterwards Count of Monte Cristo), and his eventual slaying of the Redcoated villain in a stormy sword combat. From all this it may be seen that there is much matter in "The Rebels." Indeed, if it possessed more comic relief and less coffin business, it would shape as a really clever work. The play is, for the most part, powerfully interpreted, especially by Mr. Robert Loraine as the dashing hero, Mr. W. Kettredge as the rascally Redcoat, Mr. H. B. Warner as the impulsive lad who is shot out of the way in the first act, and by Mrs. Lewis Waller, who is, however, more "convincing" in the declamatory and intense passages than in the more sentimental and tender episodes.

This week has witnessed a most important development in suburban theatrical enterprise. The development has occurred at what is, up to the moment of writing, perhaps the most beautiful of all our new suburban playhouses—the Kennington Theatre, to wit—and it has taken the form of the starting by Mr. Murray Carson of a stock season of what are professionally styled "legitimate" plays, after the fashion adopted by the late Grand Old Man-ager, Samuel Phelps, at Sadler's Wells, from 1844 to 1862. Mr. Carson has chosen for the starting of his plucky but apparently well-meditated campaign "King Richard III.," with himself as that wily—but subsequently Walpole-whitewashed—Tyrant. That our very latest actor-manager does not intend, like certain tragedians of old, to keep *all* the "focus" to himself is shown by the "support" he has selected. This includes such favourite and experienced players as Messrs. F. H. Macklin, Luigi Lablache, Matthew Brodie, Gerald Du Maurier (son of the author of "Trilby"), Eardley Turner, and John Willes. Moreover, the ladies of the company include Mr. Joseph Hutton's artistic daughter, Bessie; Mr. Charles Warner's ditto daughter, Grace; Mrs. Murray Carson, Mrs. Brutone, and that fine actress, Mrs. Bernard-Beere. The *mise-en-scène*, also, is of a high class; and, indeed, the whole production, although offered at what are generally called on play-bills "popular" prices, is in every way worthy of West-End charges.

Mr. Murray Carson, whose portrait I present on this page, was in early youth secretary to the Rev. Dr. Parker, of the City Temple. Whether it was from that eminent preacher that he caught his often rotund method of delivery, this deponent saith not. Certain it is, however, that while yet in his teens Mr. Carson imbibed a passion for stage-playing, and straightway enlisted under the histrionic banner of Mr. Wilson Barrett, with whom he enacted more or less important parts in such plays as "Claudian," "The Lord Harry," "Hoodman Blind," "The Silver King," "Clito," "Hamlet," and so forth. With the Dramatic Students and the Independent Theatre impresarii, Mr. Carson



MR. MURRAY CARSON, WHO IS PLAYING RICHARD III. AT THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S THEATRE, KENNINGTON.

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

gave many a good account of himself, and his Bosola in that grim and gory tragedy, "The Duchess of Malfi," brought him well to the fore. Anon at the Métropole and other popular theatres he boldly attacked such parts as Hamlet, Shylock, Macbeth, &c. Mr. Carson's next

Shaksperian venture will be "Henry V.," after which he will present the new poetical play on the subject of Lancelot's treachery to his King Arthur—a play written by Mr. Carson's often-collaborator, Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker, for Mr. Willard, an actor much missed from our stage.

Mr. Frank Parker, whose portrait I give here, is one of the busiest play "producers" we have. He was trained by the late fine stage-manager, Charles Harris, and from him Mr. Parker learnt that strict attention to detail which is one of his strongest points. Mr. Parker's latest stage-managerial work includes Messrs. George R. Sims and Clarence Corri's successful and cheery musical play, "Miss Chiquita," now being run by the many-companied Mr. Milton Bode. He is also now busy on Mr. Bode's next new production, which is the musical play which the said Messrs. Sims and Corri have prepared for Mr. Dan Leno to tour withal.



MR. FRANK PARKER.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Waler, Baker Street, W.

The very next important development in suburban histrionic matters will be the opening of the new Duchess Theatre, at Balham, next Monday. Without waiting for the usual "private view," the present writer is able to state, from personal knowledge and without fear of contradiction, that this theatre—designed, like so many of the best new theatres, by Mr. G. W. R. Sprague—will be the absolutely finest

playhouse that has been seen up to the present either in Suburbia or West-Endia. For their first attraction, the new Duchess managers have selected Mr. George Edwardes's principal company touring with "The Geisha," a company which, since its inception, has "opened" many of the best suburban and provincial new theatres.

Mr. Wilson Barrett—whose revival of that fine melodrama, "The Silver King," has been warmly welcomed at his latest London theatre, the Lyceum—now talks of reviving one or two other successful productions of his (from the Princess's or the Lyric) before he submits to Lyceum first-nighters the new play upon which he has been so long engaged (telephonically and otherwise) with Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker. This play, which will, the authors appear to think, cause some argument, more or less volcanic, has for its present title "Man and his Makers." Mr. Barrett, who has in his time been concerned with many collaborators, has also in his mind's eye—not to mention his play-chest—another play or two, notably one which is, I understand, by himself and Mr. R. S. Hichens.

September 11 brought us again the clever American dancers, the de Foreests, generally known as the "Whirlwind Dancers," portraits of whom appear on another page. During the last season, they spent only about a month here, after a most wonderfully successful engagement at Keith's Theatre, in New York. They now give their "Whirlwind Dance," their "Danse et Valse Superbe," and "La Poupée Elastique," the last named being the newest, and in it Miss de Foreest appears as a doll who is tied out of her sleep by a man, and, after dancing and being tossed about in the most approved fashion, is thrown several feet in the air, and then her arms are folded about her feet, and she is carried off under his arm.

"The Last Chapter" is a somewhat ominous title, but it is to be hoped that the new play, at the Strand, by Mr. George H. Broadhurst, will have a fair measure of success, though it may not be pretended that it has claims to a prodigious run. The complicated story of the school-teacher and mine-manager who, after four acts of artificially interrupted love-making, become engaged, is not exactly thrilling, and, but for the author's cleverness in devising some rather farcical scenes of comedy, we should have had a dull evening. In any case, "The Last Chapter" must, owing to previous arrangements, be shifted ere long to make way for a new comic opera to be produced at this house by Mr. Frank Wheeler, so long a favourite in that merry play, "The Shop-Girl," at the Gaiety. This new comic opera has been written by Mr. Joseph Herbert, of America, and composed by Mr. Edward Jones, of England. As a matter of fact, Mr. Jones is the musical director of the Duke of York's, and is composer of such widely contrasted morceaux as "Doddle Doddle-cum-Chip-Chap," in "A Pantomime Rehearsal," and "Shepherd of Souls," in "The Sign of the Cross."

Those who have surmised that Dr. Conan Doyle's charming domestic comedy, "Halves," was not to be revived at the Garrick, have surmised wrongly. Mr. H. T. Brickwell informs me that he does intend to revive this play there directly the weather grows a little cooler.

To-morrow (Sept. 14) was, at the moment of going to press, the date still chosen for the production by Mr. Arthur Collins of Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new Drury Lane drama, dealing with lady gamblers, music-hall "artistes," Royal Academicians, Botanic Garden fêtes, assurance policies, and avalanches. Also, at the moment of writing, the title is still that often-used play-name, "Hearts are Trumps." Concerning this vast and varied production, sundry other particulars (*plus* portraits) will be found in this issue.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Of course, Mr. Benson, of "Dodo" fame, returns to fan the dying embers of his early notoriety. He has been goaded into it. Of late he has been giving to a quite other public than "Dodo" appealed to admirable stories of the War of Greek Independence, the heroines of which have been so virtuous, built on so heroic and so classic a model, that Mayfair must feel terribly reproved if it has ever made acquaintance with them. True, there have been mild aberrations from austerity—such as "The Babe, B.A."—but, in general, he is looked on now as a convert to sentimental romanticism, as a writer of books very eloquent in language and most wholesome food for youths and maidens of feeling. He has been congratulated in a peculiarly irritating, eminently pharisaical fashion, and has been assured that all would be forgotten and forgiven if he would but continue on his romantic path and keep his steps from cynical Mayfair. Of course, this is riling to a man who probably only wrote his Greek stories because he gathered some picturesque material during his archaeological investigations in the country that was too good to waste, who is also too clever not to know that, while the patriotic fiction contained sound work, it was unquestionably dull. And so he turns his back on Arcady and patriotism and simple and heroic themes, eschews fine language, and rushes to Mayfair at full speed in his latest story, "Mammon and Co." (Heinemann). Let me not wrong him. "Mammon and Co." has a most improving intention. And it is an illustration of the commonplace but really excellent moral, which cannot be too often repeated, that, if you are hard-up and determined at all costs to indulge expensive tastes, your gay career must be darkened by mean and shabby incidents. Mr. Benson cannot, of course, underline this moral very much, as he plainly falls in love with the lady who should be its best illustration. It is in this lady, Kit, that he chiefly harks back to Dodo. She is young and beautiful and a Marchioness, and of a very cheerful temper. She behaves very badly, he owns, and her delinquencies are described in some detail. He makes her repent and be punished, a little, and become a most promising character in the end. To him she is a fascinating example of the deservedly popular female good-fellow, a little spoilt by an artificial life and extravagant habits, but eminently capable of reformation. There are no Christians so charitable as your novelist over head and ears in love with his wicked characters. One tries hard to be as lenient as himself. Good looks and a gay temper weigh splendidly in the scale, of course; and Kit behaved well and loyally when her husband, under some provocation, knocked her down. But, on the other hand, she was entirely of the type of the disreputable adventurer, resorted to the shabbiest tricks to win money and avoid paying it; cheated at cards, and made a pretty but useless plot to get a man into her power whom she suspected of cheating also; she was endlessly vulgar; she was gay but not good-natured. Her biographer owns to her malignity before he has lost his head about her, telling us "she was a perfect genius at innuendo" concerning her friends' characters. Where is the "good-fellow"? She is too small and petty to be greatly forgiven, like Becky Sharp. It is the condonation of meanness and essential vulgarity which makes the solemn sentimentality of the end so nauseous. "Mammon and Co." might have been a very moral book indeed. By a somewhat unintelligent playing to the gallery, the intended effect is destroyed.

So it had better be read for what amusement can be got out of it, and for that it is nearly as good as "Dodo." Let that stand ambiguously for praise or blame. There is a clever reflection of a smart set, and, though the description of a curiously vulgar little world is itself frankly vulgar, it has dash and "go," and for its subject deserves the interest of the student of human society and of the snob. The funny personage will, as Dodo did, probably cause Mr. Benson some trouble. Well, perhaps he may be willing to pay, in consideration of the fact that he will raise many a laugh over the blunders of Mrs. Murchison, that delightful lady who in Egypt visited the "tombs of the Marmadukes," and was willing to stop to hear the end of "Tristan," for the sake of the "Leit motif—or is it Liebestod?" but who thought Wagner's music "Garibaldi to the general." And if he has used some of the stories that cluster round an actual personage connected with exalted English society, he has at least done his best to make her popular by emphasising her graces of character and adding recklessly to her malaprops.

In "The Path of a Star" (Methuen) we have something almost as faulty—if you count faults numerically—but far more considerable. Indeed, Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan), that consistently entertaining writer, may be said to make her first really serious attempt in fiction. Whether she is not best fitted to touch the surface of life, touch it amiably, gracefully, wittily, and keep us awake and amused in dull half-hours, may be a question to discuss later. But, in the meanwhile, let us acknowledge that, when she tries her hand at more ambitious things, would unravel the complexities of the heart, and sound its depths, she has, at least, a strong and cultivated intellect and an extensive knowledge of life to back her new efforts. "The Path of a Star" contains really admirable pictures of life in Calcutta, and the writer never goes out of her depth. She does not pretend to gauge the native mind: it is Calcutta as seen by an Anglo-Indian with opportunities of mixing with the society at Government House, who has an acquaintance with the business quarter, and more than an ordinary tourist's interest in the picturesque native parts that she presents. How Calcutta amuses itself, how its soul is cared for, how its newspapers are carried on, may have been as accurately described fifty times before, for anything I know, but certainly never with such vividness. A. M.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Sept. 13, 7.19; Thursday, 7.17; Friday, 7.14; Saturday, 7.12; Sunday, 7.9; Monday, 7.8; Tuesday, 7.6.

How the evenings are closing in! It seems only a few days ago when one could take an evening spin, and never have any necessity to think about the lighting of lamps. Now, however, when you get out the machine after tea, dusk is beginning to settle, and, if you go for a jaunt of only a dozen miles, darkness will have enfolded you, and then, unless your lamp is alight, the convenient—or should I say, the inconvenient?—policeman will be at the corner ready to pounce and demand your name and summons you. Some day I hope to write a learned and heavy article for one of the imposing reviews on that natural phenomenon—constabulary appearances and non-appearances. Of course, we all know how, when there is a street-row, you may hunt the district for miles and never find a policeman. But let your little dog go a couple of yards outside your front-gate without his muzzle, to exchange morning greetings with the dog from over the way, and then, certain enough, within thirty seconds that dog of yours will be at one end of a bit of string and a serious-visaged policeman at the other end. However, I will deal with the matter chiefly from a cyclist's point of view. I will show how the "scorcher," who is suffering from "scorching," which has become a chronic disease, can whiz along at twenty miles an hour, bringing old ladies to grief, and saying rude things to them if he doesn't bring them to grief, and how never a policeman will see him; but if you or I, meek, mild-eyed dawdlers, happen to increase our pace beyond a sluggish six miles an hour, the road will suddenly be obstructed by those blue-coated stalwarts, and we will be charged with riding at a speed dangerous to the public well-being, and, in evidence, it will be told our pace was that of at least forty miles an hour. Then, again, if through a puncture or a halt to admire the setting of the sun, you turn your street-corner, but ten minutes after lighting-up time, with no lamp aflame, there will be a policeman on the watch.

So now is the time to put one's lamp in proper order, and, if you haven't got a lamp, to buy one. Of course, all smart riders think everybody else a hundred years behind the times if they don't use acetylene lamps. Now I don't like acetylene lamps. I don't, however, dogmatise against them—it's dangerous to dogmatise about anything in cycling. I recall the time when cycling authorities—and I'm not a cycling authority, but merely a cyclist who loves his wheel, like thousands of other men—condemned the pneumatic tyre, and then, when the tyre was inevitable, said the proper way to race was to have the tyre slack. Cycling authorities have changed their opinions. So, as a pure outsider—who has never had the honour of walking barefooted and humble in the presence of authorities—I may be ultra-conservative; but at present I'm dead against acetylene. The glare, of course, is that of a search-light. But my objection is that, with acetylene, while other people can see you, you can't see other people till they are close upon you, and, if there is an obstruction in the road, you will see it only when it is too late to avoid a smash. The great glare kills the power of the eye to see any dark object beyond the radius of the glare itself. I can see much better with no lamp at all. I have, without a lamp, ridden thousands of miles in India through the night, and never even run over a Hindu sleeping in the roadway. But, of course, lamps are obligatory in England, and for the present I stick to the non-glarer. But if any of my readers are intent on purchasing acetylene lamps, I would urge them to avoid all cheap articles. They must not stint expense. Acetylene gas is a dangerous explosive, and the utmost care should be taken in getting a lamp.

There are two things connected with cycling for which I have the scent of a sleuth-hound—first, tall stories of thrilling escapades by cyclists with tigers or lions or such brutes; second, diseases that humanity is falling a victim to all through that dreadful habit of wheeling. We know about the cyclist-back, the cyclist-stare, the cyclist-kidney, the cyclist-walk, and so on. A new and *bona-fide* disease has just come to light. It is the bicycle-foot, or, in surgical phraseology, "traumatic flatfoot." It is caused, says an American journal, by wearing thin-soled, French-heeled boots, and from careless or incorrect dismounting. As a rule, so it seems, women do not know how to jump. They have not learned, and seem to be without the instinct which men possess to land on their feet with a spring, bending the knees and escaping the jolt which follows if the knees are kept rigid. As a consequence, most women

get a headache from jumping, and the bicycling women, who give slight attention to the way they get off their wheels, get the bicycle-foot. I must quote, so that the terrible results arising from their lack of knowledge in dismounting may be brought home to every lady reader of *The Sketch*—

The foot is sometimes months in getting out of shape. The ligaments are gradually stretched until they cease to hold up the arch. Thin-soled boots increase the trouble. They afford too little support for the curved instep, and do not protect the ball from the concussion when the rider jumps to the ground. Physicians recommend only calfskin boots with low heels and heavy soles for wheeling.

Traumatic flatfoot is so called in distinction from congenital flatfoot. It is frequently treated as rheumatism, which it somewhat resembles. Inflammation of the muscles is one of the results of the sagging ligaments. The delicate bones, thus relieved of their natural support, press upon the nerves, causing intense pain. The treatment for bicycle-foot is prolonged rest and an artificial arch. The X-rays show whether the bones are displaced. If they are, a plaster cast of the foot is made, and from this the manufacturers of surgical instruments construct a steel brace to fit the instep. This is placed inside a thick-soled boot, and must be worn until the strained tendons become strong and assume their natural place. Men are seldom afflicted with the bicycle-foot, for the reason that they are more generally careful in the matters of foot-wear and in dismounting.

"Traumatic flatfoot" is a disease hailing, of course, from America. "I shudder at the prospect of it invading our own land."

The fastest rider in the world is a negro, "Major" Taylor, who has just done the mile in 1 min. 22½ sec. Taylor is a veritable demon astride his wheel. He goes mad; his eyes bulge and his mouth foams, his whole countenance is twisted into a demon-like look, and he rips along like a whirlwind. He is never tired of riding, and never seems to suffer from exhaustion. He doesn't smoke, he's almost a vegetarian, avoids tea, coffee, and ale, but likes a diluted light wine.



F. L. GOODWIN, WHO, ON SEPT. 1 LAST, RODE 244 MILES ALONG THE GREAT NORTH ROAD IN 12 HOURS, BEATING THE WORLD'S RECORD.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

Cyclists in the West-End are grumbling at the condition of the roads in Hyde Park. They have been repaired; but, with the exception of short stretches near the Marble Arch and the Serpentine, I'm told they are now almost worse than they were before. I cannot speak from personal knowledge, because I've never cycled in Hyde Park. But there are thousands of people in the neighbourhood who would like to wheel in the Park, but are obliged to keep away owing to the uncomfortable, bumpy condition. However, let the good folks of Bayswater and Kensington and Belgravia find satisfaction in the knowledge that cyclists in other parts of the world have not exactly clean-swept billiard-boards to ride upon. Indeed, during the long drought the roads got fearfully dusty, and rain only rendered them into quagmires. The roads in this neighbourhood—I'm writing from Aldeburgh-on-Sea, in Suffolk—are vile. Away out on the main-road, between Ipswich and Yarmouth, the surface of the highway is, however, admirable for the time of the year. But off the high-road—on the by-roads and down the leafy lanes where I usually love to trundle my wheel and doze in the shadow of a tree—I have had to plug my way slowly and perspiring through deep sand and shingle. The exercise is good if one is growing stout from laziness, but, for pleasure, the lanes by the Suffolk coast are not to be recommended.

It was chiefly with a view to safeguarding their works and outbuildings from fire that the directorate of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited, resolved to institute a private fire-brigade, and in July 1896 the nucleus of the present brigade was formed. In the following month the brigade was increased to eighteen, and in January 1897 to thirty, on account of the increasing growth of the factory and the greater possibility of fire of fire. That the brigade is one of the smartest of the volunteer fire-brigade corps in the kingdom is proved by the fact that it is frequently invited to take part in public processions, church parades, and other public demonstrations. It took an active part, for instance, in the Lifeboat Saturday Procession in October 1896; in a church parade on Sunday, June 20, 1897; in the demonstrations on Jubilee Day at Coventry, and in the Jubilee celebrations at Windsor on June 25, when the assembled brigades were reviewed by the Queen.

Why shouldn't there be started a society of cyclists, not hard riders or enthusiastic tourists, but men and women who like to get into quiet districts and go "pottering" about and "ferreting" out information? Have you ever ridden to a village about which you knew nothing before except the name, and set about to learn the curious things connected with it, traditions and customs, and talk with the old folk in it? Our villages are full of quaint and charming interest, and do not consist only of a church and a "pub," as lots of wheel-people seem to think. J. F. F.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Very satisfactory acceptances have been obtained for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and I beg to congratulate Mr. R. K. Mainwaring on the result of his handiwork. Of the public fancies, Innocence,

half-a-mile before it could be seen that M. Cannon's mount had the race in hand, and he won in a simple hack canter. The St. Leger time of Flying Fox, by Benson's chronograph, was 3 min. 15½ sec., as against 3 min. 13 sec. last year. I much regret that we shall not see a race between Cyllene and Flying Fox, as the former has broken down and goes to the stud.



THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S FLYING FOX ("MORNY" CANNON UP): TAKEN AT DONCASTER BEFORE THE DERBY WINNER'S VICTORY IN THE ST. LEGER.

Tom Cringle, and Damocles are left in. The latter, I am told by one who should know, must not be missed for his autumn engagements, as he is a fast-improving animal, and I have heard it whispered that those connected with the horse fully expected him to win the Derby. Jiffy II., on his form behind Calveley, must be made a note of for the Cesarewitch, and, of the others that may be backed, Merman, Scintillant, Sligo, and Slowburn look well on paper. It is rumoured that Merman was never better.

The Cambridgeshire will, as usual, become the big speculative medium of the year, as all the public fancies are to be found among the "contents." Celada (who was backed by the Worton division to win the race last year) and Light Comedy have, I think, been leniently treated, and both should run well. According to rumour, Robinson has a rod in pickle for this race, but I must wait a bit before mentioning the animal's name. The master of Foxhill knows how to train Cambridgeshire winners, and he is hardly likely to start the whole fleet, so that his selected must command attention. Huggins holds a strong hand, and, according to report, Sly Fox is a smasher. Of Darling's pair, backers have been waiting for Kendal Boy all the year, and this may be his journey. Marsh has five engaged, and J. Porter three, including the more-than-useful three-year-old Good Luck, who ran so well at Ascot. I think that, at present, the Cambridgeshire is best left alone.

A few words only will suffice to get rid of Flying Fox's victory in the St. Leger, as the Kingsclere champion simply made hacks of the opposition, and it is now more than ever surprising to me that the Fox should have been beaten by Caiman at Newmarket last year. True, the gale was at the time said to have been all in favour of Sloan's style of riding, but I fancy Flying Fox ran one of his lazy races that day, and he might have done better had he been given a couple of reminders. The Yankees backed Caiman at Doncaster as though they thought defeat impossible, but the horses had not gone

The managers of the Lingfield Park Meeting believe in treating their patrons liberally, and they are bound to reap their just reward sooner or later. Mr. J. B. Leigh, who is, by-the-bye, Lady Alington's brother, has displayed remarkable enterprise in the running of the meeting, and he is ably seconded by Mr. Bob Fowler, the popular Clerk of the Course. I take the liveliest interest in Lingfield, as I predicted for it a big future even before the Flat Race Licence was obtained. I know for a fact that the managers of the railway company which it affects most thought very little of the prospects of either Gatwick or Lingfield when those courses were first made; but the case is altered now, and everything possible is done to perfect the train arrangements to both places. And no wonder, seeing the crowds that patronise the fixtures both at Lingfield and Gatwick.

Mr. John Corlett continues to dabble in thoroughbreds, and I hope the Master will live to lead back a Derby winner. If he should do so, he will have achieved a record so far as sporting journalists are concerned, although the late Ned Smith, a well-known writer on the Sporting Press, ran second on one occasion. I found owning horses a losing game, simply because I never bet, and I am told it is impossible to own platers at a profit unless you gamble. I am also told that one or two proprietors of little weekly sporting papers own several racehorses, but what surprises me is where the money comes from to pay for the training bills, &c. Of course, men like Mr. Corlett can afford to pay for their hobbies, but a little sporting journalist must find it difficult to get together sufficient money to keep, say, half-a-dozen moderate animals in training.

Our system of training horses will, I take it, have to undergo some alterations if we are to successfully combat the foreign invasion. Huggins has shown us the way to train animals, especially two-year-olds, as they should be trained. He believes in giving the youngsters plenty of breathing-space and lots of fresh air.

CAPTAIN COE.



LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD'S DEMOCRAT, WINNER OF THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES AT DONCASTER, AND HIS BREEDER.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

If there is one thing more disillusioning than another, it is to suddenly awake one morning and find that the reflection given back by one's looking-glass is entirely at variance with the preconceived ideas one has long cherished as attaching to oneself and one's appearance. Country-house visits are fruitful sources of these disquieting moments, for, no matter what up-to-date changes may have been wrought in our hostess's surroundings, it is safe to conclude, in nineteen cases out of twenty,

the glass and begged her mistress to observe how the colour reflected differed from the white and plump original; "And that is why," observed this sage Phyllis, "that ladies who take to rouge and powder without the superintendence of a skilful maid often look pink, to themselves, in the glass, but scarlet to others in the street," which also probably never occurs to one woman in a dozen.

Of driving-cloaks, to approach matters more outdoor, one sees a great variety in the country just now, when garden-parties are in the daily bill, and long drives an inevitable part, therefore, of the day's programme.

At one more than ordinarily smart—or perhaps, it would come nearer



AN ORIGINAL DESIGN.



A DAINY COSTUME EMBROIDERED IN SILKS.

that the visitors' rooms are much where Coronation Day left them in the matter of mirrors, four-posters, and charming old chintz. Myself, I love this lavender-scented environment, and always think Chippendale the most seemly of all accompaniments to an old country-house; but when it comes to meeting an unexpectedly sea-green visage in one's dressing-glass after rosy slumbers, the effect is disastrous to one's peace of mind at breakfast. One's hair, which used to be a decent glossy brown, now more resembles a wet umbrella, to quote Ellen Thornycroft Fowler, or shows pale drab instead of its wonten dull-gold, as the case of colour may be; even the eyes are libelled, and lose their familiar brown or blue, while one's complexion has gone in a night beyond the power of recall. I discovered all this malice, deceit, and trickery on the part of ancient looking-glasses through the perspicacity of a friend's French maid the other day, who, hearing her mistress exclaim at the discoloured effigy of herself given off by a George the Fourth mirror, put her hand against

the mark to say a less dowdy than usual—function last week, two or three women who are blest in possessing dressmakers in Paris came in the smart coaching-cloaks which are the present only outdoor form of every well-groomed Parisienne. One made of automobile-red cloth was lined with white satin, and disclosed a fascinating painted muslin when removed. But it was of the shape of these coats I wished to discourse, which was somewhat of the redingote gown, and made to trail on the ground quite a quarter of a yard, thus completely covering the dress—a great point in these days of elongated draperies. They were all made to cross in front, after the manner of a surplice somewhat, fastening up at the left side of belt, and being treated to rows of braid or stitching according to what Mr. Weller would call the taste and fancy of the wearer. One done in pale-tan cloth, with a lining of amber satin, was quite lovely; and another, which arrived on the same coach, was a dove-grey, with ribbon

embroideries of the same shade done in narrow bébé-velvet as well as ribbon, and with a loose Capuchin hood, lined with white satin, as was the cloak itself. It is certainly a most delightful, if extravagant, form of wrap. Some of the new feather boas are things of beauty as well as art, being chiefly made of delicately tinted plumes, not of the ostrich, but of other birds, which are arranged in cadences of colour, from pale to very dark; others, again, being rendered in such harmonious contrasts as blue and mauve, pale-green and blue, pink and white, and so on *ad infinitum*. The ostrich boa proper seems deposed from its widespread popularity of last season. But that is only because of the capricious temper of Dame Fashion, for there is no doubt that the ostrich is the most beautiful and becoming of all the feathered loot with which we adorn our vain, vain, and still more vain exteriors.

In reverting to many old customs of costume, such as the drooping hat-brim, the sloping shoulder, collarless bodices, mittens, and so forth, the



[Copyright.]

THE COACHING-COAT.

tabbed poplin gown—or tabinet, as it used to be called—is also promised a revival. As an autumn material, it is at all points to be recommended, for it is both smart and serviceable, and so well fitted to supplant the airy cambrics and muslins of our too-short summer. Fringes are also used to trim many of the new autumn frocks, and with a greatly enhanced effect when they are long, but the little “Tom Thumb” fringes are too stiff to be successful. I have seen a biscuit-coloured cashmere set forth with bias bands of tartan velvet edging its tunic, from which a long fringe in similar colouring depended, and, though rather startling, as the last inspiration of a great French milliner it came in for a great deal of admiration. Some of the new crystal fringes, to be worn on white or light-coloured satins for the evening, are entirely beautiful, and on a ball-gown made for the pretty Marquise d’Hautpoul wide fringes of pink and gold crystal are used to trim the roseleaf-pink satin of which it is made with great effect.

The kaleidoscopic character of the autumn house-party, with its perpetual comings and goings of guests, offers, besides a change of persons, the added advantages of fresh vistas of fashion, and any woman exiled from Bond Street or the Rue de la Paix for two or three whole months on end can appreciate these fresh fields and pastures new in chiffons as she never does or can when within driving distance of the shop-windows.

Two gowns that arrived simultaneously with a fascinating widow at the place where I am at present staying seem absolutely worth a few appreciative particulars, their effect by candle-light having added not a little to the picturesque altogether of two dinner-parties. One was rather simply made of the white China crêpe which dressmakers are now everywhere declaring a coming fashion. A design of pink roses in a running pattern of ribbon embroidery was enhanced by the black Chantilly insertions which also followed the line of bodice and tunic. On the apron were applied Louis Quinze bows of bright-cherry-coloured velvet about a quarter of an inch wide, a twist of the same being worn behind a diamond aigrette in the hair. The mixture of pink, black, and crimson on the dull-white ground of the crêpe-de-Chine had a more than ordinarily charming effect.

Another fascinating ensemble was vouchsafed us next evening by the same Niobe, who appeared in a Doucet frock of black crêpe-de-Chine, the long, curved tunic which covered it being black Chantilly net over a white silk muslin. Strappings of narrow turquoise velvet were put on bodice from neck to below the hips at intervals, and fastened at their looped ends by crystal buttons, than which no prettier effect could be imagined. A waistcoat of white silk, cut low and beautifully embroidered in turquoise silk and silver thread, accounted for the front. The skirt underneath the tunic was also of white silk muslin over crêpe, with appliques of fine black lace. Simple as this little gown looked, it cost its prosperous possessor fifty guineas, though I daresay a clever dressmaker could evolve its step-sister for a third of that price. I noticed the train as being longer and less tightly stretched over the figure than was the case with our summer gowns, both details which make for an effect of increased becomingness and grace. I proceeded to make friends with this well-attired dame, believing that a woman who knows how to choose and wear her clothes with such conspicuous success is sure to repay cultivation. She informed me that the American Shoe Company were entirely responsible for the highly finished air of her pedal extremities, and dispensed various other invaluable recipes for my soul’s good, which are carefully noted down for future guidance as well. *Apropos des bottes*—and this time literally so—I find the American Shoe Company are emulating the seven-leagued giant in the rapidity of their strides across London, for besides their now well-known centre at 169, Regent Street, they have just opened a branch at 113, Westbourne Grove, and, further, contemplate crossing the Channel to establish themselves also at 70, Grafton Street, Dublin, very shortly.

From various friends I have lately heard plaintive bemoanings over the destruction accomplished by cleaners on their delicate chiffons of the past season, ribbon-embroidered mousselines, lace-inset gauzes, and other airy, fairy remains of summer finery being sent back “all tattered and torn,” which made their owners quite as irate on arrival as “the cow of crumpled horn” fame in the same delicious old rhyme. The business of the renovator is surely to prolong usefulness, though in such instances he does not seem to achieve it. One dyer and cleaner *par excellence* is, however, Campbell, of Perth, whose staff of trained specialists accomplish the most dexterous and delicate feats of handicraft in all that pertains to cleaning, colouring, or renovating of every sort and kind. There is, indeed, scarcely any difficulty they are not able to overcome, and that is no slight praise in these days of intricate and highly ornate make and material. The Perth Dye Works’ Catalogue should lie, in fact, on every housewifely writing-table at the seasons of autumn and spring house-cleaning.

SYBIL.

THE PLAYS OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

A handsome volume, published by Mr. Grant Richards under the title of “‘Sir Paul Pindar,’ and Other Plays,” represents the contribution to drama of Mr. Harry Neville Maugham, a dramatic critic well known by students of the drama under the initials “H. N. M.” Possibly, it is the duty of every dramatic critic to write a few plays, in order to teach himself something of the technique of play-writing ere attempting to teach it to the ordinary dramatist. Most of us are wise enough, after making this sacrifice of our time, to keep aloof from the printer, but Mr. Maugham presents his efforts in all the glories of wide margins, hand-made paper, and rough edges, and gives what he calls five long pieces. Perhaps “Sir Paul Pindar,” the least important and best-constructed of the pieces, might have some success upon the stage; but this is doubtful, since the anecdote in three acts about the stolen diamond, though interesting in some touches of Jacobean manners, is somewhat glaringly artificial and non-human. Two long works in verse, called “The Husband of Poverty” and “The Mastery of Men,” show that, although the writer can now and then produce a pretty phrase or agreeable ornament, he has no true ear for poetry, and instead of strengthening his pieces by its use, handicaps them heavily. There is a good deal of cleverness in what is styled a sketch for a comedy, and entitled “The Old and the New.” It presents in an interesting way the clash, not unfriendly, between old and new ideas, and a reconciliation born of the clash. There is some vivid force in the strange one-act play called “The Landship,” which, however, if not undramatic in essence, is quite non-theatrical in form. Mr. Maugham apparently believes that his plays are experiments, but study of them shows that, so far as technique is concerned, he is rather behind the times, except, perhaps, in the sketch for a comedy.

E. F. S.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 27.

WAR.

Not until the end of the week did the Stock Exchange come face to face with the grim reality of the war prospects. The feeling all along has been that Kruger would give way at the eleventh hour, and prices were consequently maintained at what seemed surprising elevations to those whose ears were strained to catch the report of the first shot fired. As we write, the position, desperately critical as it is, can still be saved; in what condition it may be on Wednesday passes the wit of man to prophesy; but, in any event, the attention of the public mind is now directed with the utmost eagerness as to what will be the financial results of this crisis in a few months' time.

Consols fell $\frac{1}{8}$ when the news of Majuba Hill arrived in London. The price then was a trifle under par—about 99 $\frac{1}{2}$, to be more exact—but in those days the interest was 3 per cent. Otherwise, the markets were almost unaffected, with the exception of the Home Railway, which went a trifle weaker on the report of the battle. Unfortunately for our present purpose, no Kaffir prices were extant in those days. The only thing even remotely suggestive of them was Rhodes' Reef, which was quoted at $\frac{1}{16}$ — $\frac{1}{8}$. So the present crisis must make history for itself, and the situation is all the more anxious because those interested in Kaffirs have no past experience to lead them out of the darkness of undefinable fears through which they are now groping. Consols, on war, would fall for a while, heavy stocks in all probability following suit, for the dearer-money bogey would be at once enthroned. Yankees and Westralians sympathise to a certain extent with Kaffirs, and anything with South African blood in its veins would heavily "slump." But not for long. The very first signs of peace would be the occasion for a great burst of enthusiastic buying, and we strongly advise nervous holders of stocks or shares to pluck up their courage and wait for the better prices that are bound to come sooner or later. Holding tight in panicky times is a most difficult operation, we know; but it invariably pays in the long run.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND ITS CRICKETERS.

Stock Exchange readers of *The Sketch* will need no introduction to our portrait this week. The Captain of the Middlesex Eleven is as well-known as he is popular with his fellow-members of the House. Partner of a large firm of brokers in Cushion Court, he is equally at home in the pastures of Capel Court and those of Lord's and other cricket-fields. It is a little singular that the three Home Counties should come to the Stock Exchange for cricketing talent, but so it is. The Surrey Captain jobs in the Brighton Market, and Kent's luck would have been worse than it is had it not been for the gallant efforts of another Stock Exchange member, whose prowess against the Australians recently received acknowledgment from the hands of Mr. W. Bykyn and the Kaffir Circus.

HOME RAILWAY STOCKS.

The Home Railway Market does not enjoy much popularity nowadays, and the few dealers that are left to haunt this department of the Stock Exchange declare that they will soon be starving. Of course, the Scotch dividends declared some days ago put no fresh vigour into the market, and we must candidly confess that the disappointment of a good many people over the Caledonian distribution awoke responsive echoes in our own breast. The company had been doing excellently, so far as traffic went, and we have referred to the splendid enterprise of the Scotch railway managers. Expenses, however, have swallowed up receipts at an alarming rate, and the question arises as to whether a little more economy at the expense of a little enterprise would not be a desideratum in the current half-year. Caledonian Deferred at 50 $\frac{1}{2}$ looks cheap, and North British Deferred at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ is almost at the lowest of the year.

The principal lines all exhibit good traffic-increases up to date, and, with the booming trade of the country, there seems little likelihood that they will drop off for some time to come. The Board of Trade returns point to the great commercial activity that prevails in nearly all departments, although the Transvaal impact retards business to a certain extent. Railway companies are among the first of those

who feel the effects of bountiful trade, and, were money a little cheaper, this market would probably receive more attention. Far-seeing operators are beginning to lay in stock, but an outbreak of hostilities would bring prices down for the time being, although they would probably recover sharply immediately afterwards. To the bold investor who is willing to take some present risk, the Home Railway Market offers a good selection of likely stocks for a rise.

THE INDUSTRIAL MARKET.

There ought to be a good time coming for Industrials, if the speculative markets continue their present mad courses. Of course, a good many shares have been unloaded this Account, on behalf of those whose differences in the mining departments necessitate a realisation of their investments, but these have not had much effect upon an inherently strong market. The difficulty of dealing in Miscellaneous securities is, however, a drawback to the speculative community, without whose aid any market is apt to run to seed. Jobbers now complain that, when they deal, the chances of being able to undo their bargains are growing less every day, and clients who buy lines of stocks grumble at the length of time that elapses before they get all the transfers delivered to them.

Liptons have lately been a very dull market, and a report reaches us that the acquisition by the company of wine and spirit licences has had a bad effect instead of a good one upon their trade. The price has now reached a fairly sensible level, and the shares are not likely to move much until the next dividend-time draws near. Scone-and-Butter shares are heavy, while the supporters of Salmon and Gluckstein apparently mean to let the market stand on its own legs for a time. Telegraph securities are weak, particularly the Eastern companies' stocks, and Anglo "A" as a gambling counter is hardly worth holding. Pease and Partners are good for investment by old ladies, despite the price of 18. Ammunition shares we still fancy—Vickers for choice; but friends in the North speak very highly of Armstrongs.

RHODESIANS.

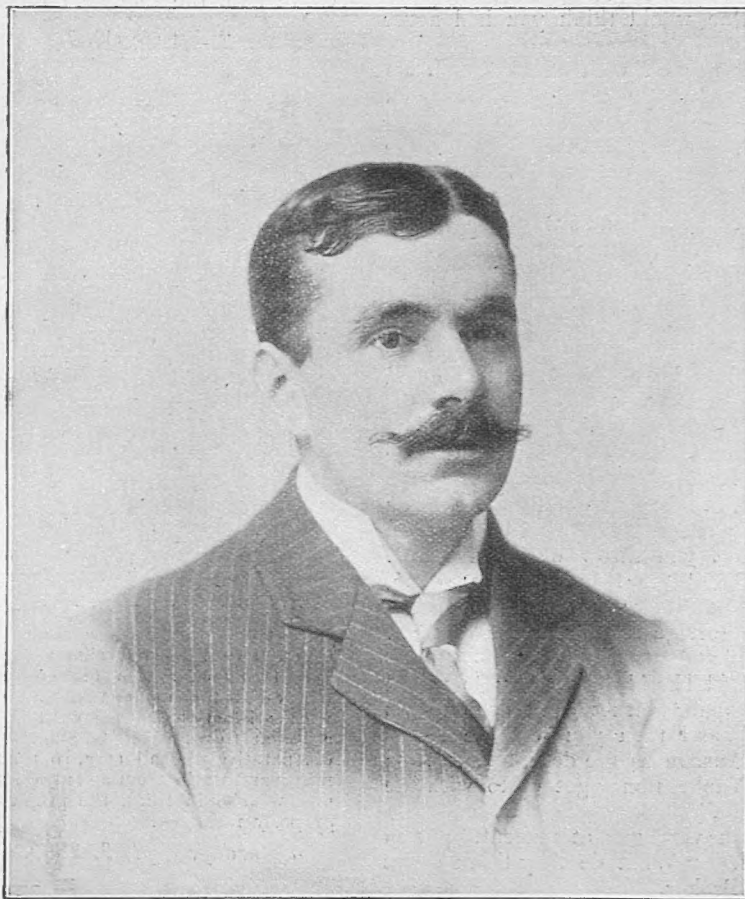
The fall in Kaffirs has dragged down prices in the Rhodesian Market, and, although the immediate connection between the two is easily patent, the more thoughtful inquirer hesitates as to whether the drop in Rhodesians is at all justified. A Transvaal war, instead of exerting a bad effect upon Rhodesia, might be the one thing needful for the country. It would provide a supply of native labour, which now is far from plentiful in the Rhodesian mines, and immigrants from the Transvaal are likely to swarm into the northern country, with all their experience and knowledge of mining, which is still what Rhodesia wants. Unhappily, the country is in a state of violent agitation over domestic

matters, and a row-royal is now raging between the Chartered Company and some of its subjects upon the question of representation in the government of the land. The Customs Duties, to which we have referred lately, are not settled even now, and the Press of Rhodesia reflects the growing indignation of the settlers in finding their votes overridden by those of the Chartered Company's representatives.

A new State is always liable to this kind of agitation, and we have little doubt that, when Sir Alfred Milner's absorbing duties allow him a breathing-space to mediate in Bulawayo, he will be able to settle the matter in a satisfactory fashion. Discontent and gold-mining appear to go hand in hand, but in Rhodesia, above all countries in the world, the governing powers are doing their best to further the best interests of the people. Foolish as it seems to sacrifice Kaffirs at their present prices, to sell Rhodesians upon the prospects of a Transvaal war is simply madness.

THE KENT COAL QUANDARY.

The furious fight that is now going on in the ranks of the Kent Coal Exploration Company has at least brought to light some of the ways and means through which the miserable finance of the group was kept going for so long. A more pitiable balance-sheet than that now presented to the Exploration proprietors we have seldom seen, and its figures afford ample justification for the demand made by certain shareholders for the winding-up and liquidation of the company. The directors could hardly have produced a more damaging document for their own case than this flimsy thing, which shows that the greater part of the Company's money has been "invested" in Kent Collieries Corporation shares. Naturally, an amalgamation scheme would have the effect of subduing a good deal



A STOCK EXCHANGE CRICKETER: CAPTAIN OF THE MIDDLESEX ELEVEN.

Photo by Chaffin and Sons, Taunton.

of adverse criticism upon points that the Court might otherwise deal with severely; but it is not the directors who command our sympathy by any means, and the Court's investigation would, at all events, enable shareholders to judge whether they cared to sink any more money in the Kent Coalhole. The independent Committee certainly deserve support in every way; unlike the directors, they have everything to gain and very little to lose by an impartial inquiry; and as for the "company wrecking" of which they have been accused, the idea is too absurd to consider for an instant, seeing that they are large shareholders themselves. The Stock Exchange—level-headed enough, as a rule—is practically unanimous with regard to the winding-up proposal as opposed to the amalgamation scheme.

The humorous side of the tragical story is supplied by our old friend at Folkestone, Trent o' that ilk. His circular needs to be read to be appreciated, and, if these notes were comic, we would print it at its full length. However, we must rest content with quoting Trent as describing himself in one place as a man with no personal axe to grind, while later on he invites his readers to send him orders to buy the shares in order to counteract the effects of any bearish onslaught in the Stock Exchange!

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Perfectly sickening, I call it!" exclaimed The Jobber.

"What is?" innocently remarked one of the others. "Do you mean the Dreyfus case, or the weather, or the effects of too much to drink last night?"

"What a genuine ass you are! One would think you had never heard of the Transvaal."

"I wish I hadn't, anyway. It has run off with all my profit on West Australians. Every line of 'flimsy' that comes over, you Stock Exchange men regard as bad news, and knock prices down indiscriminately. If there is a genuine ass at all, it's your House," retorted the speaker. "Or is it that you don't hear the news during the day, and put things down as a precautionary measure?"

The Jobber smiled a little, mollified by his friend's warmth. "You should just see the reading-room in the House," he remarked. "These times, one can hardly get near an evening paper, although we have about thirty a-day. They are snapped up like sixteenths directly the waiter brings them up, and sometimes you have to wait an hour before getting your special misgiver."

"Well," persisted the second speaker, "why should you go and slump West Australians because Kruger won't come-into-the-garden-Maud for a Conference? By the way, why doesn't the Government wait till the Church Conference at the Albert Hall is on, I wonder? He would come to that like a bird, you bet!"

"Kaffirs take Kangaroos with them, because, for one thing, so many people have got both; and when you feel slumbersome over mining shares, you're not very particular as to what you throw out, you know. Besides, there's an uneasy feeling all round the House in a scare-time, and markets with a big 'bull' account naturally get that feeling pretty acutely. What surprises me is that the Foreign Market keeps so steady. Do you know what I should like to do?"

"Sell a 'bear' of Rio, of course," said The Merchant. "So would everyone if they had the pluck. The Copper Market can't keep up its prices very much longer, I should think, and then you will see Tintos under 40 again. It seems to me that Anacondas are dear, too, at 11½; but you never know what tricks the Yankees may get up to with the shares now that they are listed over there."

"The American Market does not look very gay at present," put in The Banker with unusual colloquialism. "What do they think about Yankees in the House?" he asked The Broker.

"No business, and they have given up thinking about every mortal thing," was the laconic response. "You can't expect blazing prices if people won't buy, and they are keeping out of it almost as much in New York as they are over here. But, if traffics are anything to go by, there will be somewhat lively scenes when folks come back from their holidays and indulge in their autumn flutter. Yes, so do I," he continued, answering The Banker's observation that he thought well of Erie First Prefs.; "and I don't think the Louisville run is over yet, that's another thing."

"To change our muttons," said The Intelligent Foreigner, "I do see a lot of writing in your papers about the—how do you call her?—the Asbestos, and—what is her other name? I cannot tell, although it happens that I have some shares, which I was obliged to take because of a bad debt."

"Asbestos and Asbestie' is the thing you mean," said The Engineer confidently. "I have heard a good deal of it lately, and, though I don't profess to be behind all the scenes, I know that you can't buy the things in the Stock Exchange, and they are only 1¼-2¼ for the £10 shares fully paid."

"That is so," confirmed The Broker. "I have had an order for the last week to buy five hundred, and I can't get one of them. Dead loss to me of nine-seven-six," he disconsolately added.

"I don't feel much sympathy with you, I must say," returned The Merchant, ever more inclined to be candid than sugar-candied. "The brokerage you fellows charge is something outrageous. We can't all be bankers and have our business done for half rates, unfortunately."

"Oh, rubbish!" lightly laughed the House-man. "You people get off very cheaply nowadays, I can assure you. Competition is too keen for poor Stock Exchange beggars to charge overmuch. You think of what your grandfather paid his broker, and compare the rate with mine."

Why, you haven't the faintest idea of the clerical work involved by your purchase of twenty Western of Havana Railway shares the other day."

"How are those things getting on?" queried The Merchant, easily led into a fresh scent.

"There is not much market in them for the moment, but I certainly think you hit a good investment when you got hold of those."

The Banker looked up once more. He and The Jobber had been amusing themselves by comparing two morning financial papers, in order to see how many times the one diametrically contradicted the other in its record of the same stock on the previous day. They had got as far as seven, when The Banker said it was too easy a game to play any longer, and advised the Carriage to buy newspaper shares for the next rise.

"Why?" a trio asked.

"Because they must be doing such splendid business over the Transvaal crisis. I should think that the halfpenny evening papers are coining money, and it ought to set some of the more shaky ones upon their legs again, of which shareholders won't complain."

"How poetical!" murmured The Intelligent Foreigner.

"By Jove! That just reminds me," exclaimed the Jobber, feeling himself all over, as though he were looking for a match. "Ah, here it is!" and out of his breast-pocket he drew a sheet of dirty blue paper, covered with spiderous writing. "Look what I picked up in the writing-room of the House, Brokie. Listen just one moment."

In profound silence The Jobber began to read, with passionate expression, the following lines—

"You are old, Brother Broker," the young man observed,

As they stood in the Circus of Kaffirs,

"But you don't seem to prosper as you have deserved;

Is it Fate? or Milwaukee? or Chaffers?

"None of these," said the Broker, his tears falling fast.

"In youth all my fortune I bartered

In gambling, and racing, and betting at last,

When I might have invested in Chartered!"

The Broker winced visibly, but his tormentor gave no heed to his agony.

"But your friends have grown rich," the young man persisted,

"And they say they all thank you for that;

Yet you are as lean as a card of old worsted,

Pray, how is it you are not fat?"

The Ancient leapt up with a menacing look,

And the youth fled for better or worse;

"Alas!" cried the Broker, "my own tips I took,

While they did the very reverse!"

There was not a dry eye in the carriage as The Jobber finished, and when the party had detrained, a nervous old lady with a third-class ticket refused to be pushed into the compartment by the hasty guard, declaring that swim she never could, and she wasn't never goin' off terra-cotta if she knew it.

NEW ISSUE.

The Kalgoorlie Electric Power and Lighting Corporation, Limited, is a company formed with a capital of £225,000, of which 150,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preferred shares of £1 each are now offered for subscription. The Preferred shares are entitled, in addition to the cumulative dividend, to one-half the surplus profits. The Board appears a strong one, and we note with satisfaction that the whole £150,000 will be available as working capital, in addition to which it is guaranteed. The Kalgoorlie golden belt is in a comparatively small area, so that the idea of supplying power to the various mines and works from a central station appears both economical and practical, and we should think the project has every prospect of success, provided it is properly managed.

Saturday, Sept. 9, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. L.—Grand Trunk Ordinary stands a very good chance of improvement. North Charterland Exploration are worth holding from a very speculative point of view.

H. W.—There certainly is such a company, but no market exists at present for its shares.

BRUM.—The paper you mention is about as reliable as most of them, but nearly all the French and German financial journals publish the information you require. A good sheet is that issued by H. Lamane, 24, Rue Chauchat, Paris. There are eight more drawings.

CAUTION (Barborton, S. A. R.).—We are obliged by your letter, which may be useful later on.

Sir Robert Finlay, the Solicitor-General, has a special liking for his country-house at Nairn, where, with Lady Finlay, he has been residing for some time. Sir Robert, like his political chief and other noted Parliamentarians, is an enthusiastic golfer, and his burly form is seldom absent from the fine breezy links of the "Brighton of the North." The other day, however, he relinquished his favourite pastime in order to attend the cake and wine banquet given by the Town Council of Inverness to the officers of the Seaforth Highlanders on the occasion of the visit to the town of the regiment on the southward journey of their route-march. The Solicitor-General is not only the Member for Inverness, he is likewise a free burgess of the Highland capital, and, in giving the toast of the Town Council, and alluding to the military spirit of the Highlands, he incidentally remarked that it was the highest honour of his life to have been so long the representative of the capital of the Highlands.